

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME LI.

No. 3483 April 8, 1911

{ FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXIX.

CONTENTS

I. The Canadian-American Reciprocity Agreement. <i>By Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P.</i>	ENGLISH REVIEW	67
II. The Authorized Version of the Bible. <i>By Canon Vaughan</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	77
III. The Wild Heart. Chapters XV. and XVI. <i>By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell).</i> (To be continued)	TIMES	84
IV. The Girl Graduate in Fiction. <i>By H. Reinherz.</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	14
V. The Constitutional History of Chess. <i>By O. Paul Monckton</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	99
VI. Charlie Over the Water. VI. <i>By Jane H. Findlater.</i> (Concluded)	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	104
VII. The Silent Ones.	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	109
VIII. Little Plays for Amateurs. III. "At Dead of Night." <i>By A. A. M.</i>	PUNCH	112
IX. The Future of Anglo-American Arbitration.	NATION	114
✓ X. House of Lords Reform. <i>By Lord Robert Cecil</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW	116
XI. The Debt to Dickens.	SPECTATOR	118
XII. An Imperialist in Arcady.	NATION	121
XIII. Plural Voting in Belgium. <i>By E. S. H.</i>	OUTLOOK	124
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XIV. Ghosts of Paper.	PUNCH	66
XV. The Secret of the Road. <i>By Agnes Grozier Herbertson</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	66
XVI. The Mother-Land. <i>By Henry de Vere Stacpoole</i>		66
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		126



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

GHOSTS OF PAPER.

Should you go down Ludgate Hill,
 As I'm sure you sometimes will,
 When the dark comes soft and new,
 Smudged and smooth and powder-blue,
 And the lights on either hand
 Run away to reach the Strand;
 And the winter rains that stream
 Make the pavements glance and gleam;
 There you'll see the wet roofs rise
 Packed against the lamp-lit skies,
 And at once you shall look down
 Into an enchanted town.
 Jewelled Fleet Street, golden gay,
 Sloughs the drab of work-a-day,
 Conjuring before you then
 All her ghosts of ink and pen,
 Striking from her magic mint
 Places you have loved in print,
 From the fairy towns and streets
 Raised by Djinn and fierce Afreets,
 To the columned brass that shone
 On the gates of Babylon;
 You shall wander, mazed, amid
 Pylon, palm, and pyramid;
 You shall see, where taxis throng,
 River lamps of old Hong Kong;
 See the ramparts standing tall
 Of the wondrous Tartar Wall;
 See, despite the rain and wind,
 Marble towns of rosy Ind,
 And the domes and palaces
 Crowning Tripolis and Fez;
 While, where buses churn and splash,
 There's the ripple of a sash,
 Silken maid and paper fan
 And the peach-bloom of Japan;
 But, the finest thing of all,
 You shall ride a charger tall
 Into huddled towns that haunt
 Picture-books of old Romaunt,
 Where go squire and knight and saint,
 Heavy limned in golden paint;
 You shall ride above the crowd
 On a courser pacing proud,
 In fit panoply and meet
 Through be-cobbled square and street,
 Where with bays and gestures bland
 Little brown-faced angels stand!

These are some of things you'll view
 When the night is blurred and blue,
 If you look down Ludgate Hill,
 As I'm sure you often will!

Punch.

THE SECRET OF THE ROAD.

Which way does the road go?
 Up and down
 From the valley to the hill's crown,
 Athwart the woods that lie behind
 Like a silver ribbon blown by the wind
 And through the green
 Where geese are seen,
 And past the gray mill with its peeping
 panes,
 And the long honeysuckled lanes;
 And down, and on, and up the spluney's
 rise
 Till it creeps into the skies.

If I should start, and walk the livelong
 day,
 Watching wonderingly all the way,
 Till all familiar things had travelled
 by—
 And the stars had fall'n into the sky—
 I should not find that which the wind
 finds at his will:
 The secret of the road—it stretches far-
 ther, farther still.

Agnes Grozier Herbertson.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE MOTHER-LAND.

Since God to folks of six or seven
 Gave strength, with which no king
 may strive.
 Since half the sweetness under heaven
 He gave to people under five.

We little knew what we were giving,
 Methinks, when we gave play for
 strife
 And for the land where we are living
 The country where we played at
 Life.

O'er wooden trees and toy-church
 steeple
 Burns faintly each man's morning
 star,
 O Mother-land whose laughing people
 The dearest of all people are!

To Death some fragment of thy stories
 The beggar brings, and to thy song,
 Behind the dying Emperor's glories,
 His old tin soldiers tramp along.

Henry de Vere Stacpoole.

THE CANADIAN-AMERICAN RECIPROCITY AGREEMENT.

BY SIR ALFRED MOND, BART., M.P.

The surprise with which the Tariff Reformers now seem to be overwhelmed at the news of the Reciprocity Agreement, is one more result of their persistent misunderstanding of Canadian fiscal history, Canadian development, and the spirit that inspires the Canadian people. They have from the first been led astray by their besetting delusion that it would be possible for them in one way or another to "noble" Canadian products and trade for Great Britain to the exclusion of other countries. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the originator of the idea, furnished himself one of the first and most striking examples of the ludicrous misapprehension of Canadian views in the celebrated schedule of prohibited industries proposed in his speech at Glasgow on October 6, 1903. As the version of that speech subsequently published in book form gives a revised and inaccurate report of what Mr. Chamberlain said, it may be well to quote the exact words used by him on that occasion:

After all, there are many things which you do not now make, many things for which we have a great capacity of production. Leave them to us as you have left them hitherto. Do not increase your tariff walls against us, pull them down where they are unnecessary to the success of this policy to which you are committed. Let us in exchange with you have your productions in all these numberless industries which have not yet been erected.

This proposal by Mr. Chamberlain, who was always disposed to regard the arrangement with the Colonies as a bargain, was evidently in his mind at a still earlier date. Speaking in London on June 9, 1896, he referred to the suggestion that while the Colonies

"should be left absolutely free to impose what protective duties they please both upon Foreign countries and upon British commerce, they should be required to make a small discrimination in favor of British trade, in return for which we are expected to change our whole system and impose duties on food and raw material." On this suggestion he made the following outspoken comment:

Well, I express again my own opinion when I say that there is not the slightest chance that in any reasonable time this country, or the Parliament of this country, would adopt so one-sided an agreement. The foreign trade of this country is so large, and the foreign trade of the Colonies is comparatively so small, that a small preference given to us upon that foreign trade by the Colonies would make so trifling a difference—would be so small a benefit to the total volume of our trade—that I do not believe the working classes of this country would consent to make a revolutionary change for what they would think to be an infinitesimal gain.

While on the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's love for a bargain, it may be well to point out that that statesman threw away, without any return, one of the best objects of barter in an arrangement with the Colonies which any British statesman could desire. He bestowed upon the Dominion, without any equivalent to this country, the enormous advantage granted to it by the Amendment of the Trustees Act, putting Canadian government and municipal securities on the same basis as our own, and thereby enabling the smallest Canadian municipality to raise money on better terms than certain great Powers, such as Germany, Russia and Japan, by giving them ac-

cess to the cheapest money market in the world. That, in reality, was a preference given gratis to Canada at the cost of diminishing the value of British "gilt-edged" securities, and it was of far greater importance to the Canadians than the proposed two-shilling duty on wheat could ever possibly be. If at the time we had had a statesman of really wide vision and foresight, that great advantage accorded to Canada might have been utilized for securing a far more favorable tariff for our goods from the Canadians than they have ever had under the existing preference arrangement, while it would furthermore have been an important step towards eventual Free Trade between Great Britain and her most important Colony.

One of the peculiar difficulties of following the Neo-protectionist arguments on preference, as on their other proposals, is the the changes which those arguments have undergone from the commencement of the Tariff Reform propaganda.

It has suited the Tariff Reform propagandists in this country constantly to represent the Canadians as clamoring for the adoption of their preference scheme, while they further tried to secure its acceptance in this country by vague threats of impending disaster to Great Britain and the Empire, alternately of a political and a commercial character. As a matter of fact, that clamor has existed only in their own imaginations.

A reference to some of the statements of Colonial Ministers on this subject will dispose of the idea that any pressure of the kind referred to has been brought upon the Mother Country. The attitude of Canada was very clearly expressed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1897, and by Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, at the second Colonial Conference in 1902. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said:

If England were willing to give us a preference over other nations, taking our goods on exceptionally favorable terms, I would not object. . . . It would be a great boon. But for how long would it last? Would it be an advantage in the long run? That is what men who think beyond the passing moment have to ask themselves. Suppose England did such a thing and abandoned her Free Trade record, she would inevitably curtail the purchasing power of her people. And do you not think we should suffer from that—we who alone have natural resources enough to feed your millions from our fertile lands? I have too great a belief in English common sense to believe they will do any such thing. What we have done in the way of Tariff Preference to England we have done out of gratitude to England, and not because we want her to enter upon the path of Protection.

The Canadian attitude is still more clearly expressed in the statement by Mr. Fielding in 1902:

We do not profess that we want to introduce British goods to displace goods made by the manufacturers of Canada. That is a point upon which we must speak with great frankness. Whether or not it was a wise policy for Canada to foster her manufactures by high duties is a point hardly worth discussing now; we must deal with things as we find them. We had very high duties under the former tariff. The present Government have reduced those duties very materially, especially in the case of British goods. Many things of British manufacture paid 40 per cent., 50 per cent., or 60 per cent., but we have reduced these now down to 23 per cent. from Great Britain, and we think that in those cases we have gone about as far as we can without sacrificing our own manufacturers. The interests are very large: the interests of the capital invested, the labor and the banking interest, and the many other interests which cluster round a great industry. Therefore, if we are asked to reduce our duties and bring in British goods and displace Canadian

manufactures, we must frankly say that it is not possible for us to do so. But we say that it is quite possible to give an advantage to British goods in some cases by raising the tariff.

The most rudimentary acquaintance with the history of this discussion in Canada, shows clearly that the Canadian manufacturers who have welcomed the advocacy of Protection in England as a means of strengthening in the Dominion that Protection from which they themselves profit, never have had any intention, so far as it lay in their power, to allow British manufacturers to compete on anything like equal terms with their own products. The nature of the gift offered to Great Britain by these manufacturers, the so-called Imperialists of the Dominion, is clearly shown by their attitude towards preference to England during the inquiry carried on by the Tariff Commission in different Canadian provinces in 1906.

This attitude is aptly symbolized by the action of a protectionist firm of cotton manufacturers at Valleyfield, the industrial Venice of Canada, who, after running up the Union Jack over their mill, immediately proceeded to submit to the Commission a demand for increased duties in the cotton schedules with the object of reducing the imports from Lancashire. In the evidence given by manufacturers before the Commission, the British Preference was frequently attacked, the witnesses speaking of London and Liverpool as "foreign" and of Englishmen who came to Canada in search of orders as "foreigners." Yet many of those "Canadians" who thus proclaimed their newly acquired nationality hailed from the very districts whose imports they wished to exclude from Canada. Mr. Porritt, in his *Sixty Years of Protection in Canada*, points out that the Canadian quarrymen who were endeavoring to exclude Aberdeen gran-

ite, were themselves chiefly Scots from Aberdeen. One of them confessed to Mr. Porritt that he expected the people at home would think they were "darned mean."

Mr. Porritt says, "It is difficult to recall a single session of the Commission in industrial Canada in which the preference (to Great Britain) was not attacked by the manufacturers." On the other hand, the farmers constantly and enthusiastically defended preference—they, together with the importers of textiles in Montreal and Toronto, being urgent in their pleas for the repeal of the Tariff Act amendment of 1904 which curtailed it. "The farmers commended the preference because it afforded some relief from the tariff and because it served as a tie to the Mother Country. They realized that as a result of the good feeling towards Canada, Great Britain gave a sentimental preference to Canadian products, and that they had already a market in England for all their produce."

Of course, in the resolutions passed by Canadian manufacturers at public meetings and intended for British readers, their real intention to "protect" themselves effectively from British competition is not so plainly expressed, although it is sufficiently obvious. Thus, for instance, in a resolution of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the "substantial preference to the Mother Country" is made subject to the condition that "the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers." The Ottawa Board of Trade in November 1903 also insisted upon such a form of Protection as would "reasonably safeguard such industries and business interests as have been developed under the existing tariff conditions."

A great deal of the difficulty of British trade with Canada, as with the Protectionist Colonies generally, consists in the tariffs secured by the Colo-

nial manufacturers against English goods, which in Canada in particular heavily burden the woollen and cotton industries. On the other hand, the only real hope of relief from this burden lies in the general lowering of the tariff walls, in response to the protests of the consuming masses. Those flag-waving colonial patriots seem to think that they have done something very generous when they give this country a preference over her foreign competitors, while the duty to which her goods are still subject is sufficient, practically to exclude or greatly hamper them in favor of the protected colonial article.

Speaking in Parliament at Ottawa on February 9, 1911, Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, thus characterized this type of Colonial Imperialist: "Unable to deal with the question (of reciprocity) on its merits, many opponents are beating the big drum of Imperialism and thereby insulting the intelligence of the Canadian people."

As to the alleged damage done to Imperial interests by the manner in which the Liberals are said to have held the Colonies at arm's length, and rejected offers by the latter of which nobody had ever heard, the best answer is to be found in the statements of responsible Canadian Ministers, including Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and in the resolutions of the farmers of Canada, who have been the most consistent and effective supporters of preference to England, and the only class directly interested in the Tariff Reformers' proposal. The Hon. W. S. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, telegraphing on February 7, 1911, to the High Commissioner for Canada, not only disposed of the fears that the Reciprocity Agreement might seriously affect imports from Great Britain and that discrimination would be made in favor of the United States and against this country, but expressly stated that

Canada's right to deal with the British preference as she pleases remains untouched by the agreement. The adoption of the agreement will probably lead to some further revision of the Canadian tariff, in which the Canadian Parliament will be entirely free to fix the British preferential tariff at any rates that may be deemed proper.

The determination of the Canadian farmers as expressed in the resolutions laid by them before Sir Wilfrid Laurier on December 16, 1910, is equally clear. They state that they

also favor the principle of the British preferential tariff, and urge an immediate lowering of the duties on all British goods to one-half the rates charged under the general tariff schedule, whatever that may be; and that any trade advantages given the United States in reciprocal trade relations be extended to Great Britain.

They likewise advocate

such further gradual reduction of the remaining preferential tariff as will ensure the establishment of complete Free Trade between Canada and the Motherland within ten years;

and add

that the farmers of this country are willing to face direct taxation in such form as may be advisable to make up the revenue required under new tariff conditions.

That the Canadian Government is inspired by precisely the same desire is evident from the statement made by Mr. Fielding, the Finance Minister, in the Canadian House of Commons on January 26, 1911, in the course of which he said:

Of course, as a general principle, whether Great Britain is to be interested or not, any duty that may be lowered to any foreign country, according to our well-established policy, would be at the same time lowered to Great Britain, and a clause will be inserted in the resolutions which I shall have the honor to propose providing that where in any case the duties are

lowered the benefit shall be extended to Great Britain. As a matter of fact, they are only lower on a few items of food-stuffs than the preferential rate, and they are articles which Great Britain does not send us at all. Notwithstanding, I think that if this arrangement be confirmed, it would probably lead to some readjustment of our tariff here and there, in order that we may maintain, as we fully intend to do, the principle of the British preference, and that the concessions under the tariff now existing may be maintained under the condition of affairs when the arrangement is made. . . . The preference is a great and important question. We have dealt with it in the past, we shall deal with it again. I do not want to import into this discussion anything of party color, but I ask my hon. friend if he does not think that the British preference may safely be trusted in the hands of the men who created it?

If any further proof were needed that the "one-sided bargain" proposed by Mr. Chamberlain is not necessary for the maintenance of Canadian loyalty, it would be found in the indignant protests of representative Canadians against the Tariff Reform thesis that their loyalty could only be secured by the payment of a price.

As a matter of fact, it is evident to all those who have followed the development of the Tariff Reform propaganda in this country that their proposals have always been too vague for any business man to base practical calculations upon them. That vagueness and inaccuracy still continue, as may be seen by the statement of the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons on February 6, which in its reference to thirty years during which Canada vainly offered preference to Great Britain, and his suggestion that reciprocity with the United States is a new departure, furnishes an interesting illustration of the "persistent sloppiness" rightly attributed by Mr. Asquith to the whole propaganda.

In Canada the movement in favor of reciprocity with the United States goes back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It assumed an exceptionally vigorous character in 1846 on the adoption of Free Trade by this country and the concurrent grant of greater fiscal freedom to the British North American provinces, complaints being made that Peel had not on that occasion secured from the United States the free admission of Canadian products. The reciprocity which was then demanded was eventually secured by the Elgin-Marcy Treaty, which remained in force from 1854 to 1866, when it was brought to a close by the United States. The renunciation of that Treaty, which had greatly stimulated the trade of both countries, was deeply resented in Canada, yet so great was the desire of the Canadian people to restore a similar agreement with the States that both Conservative and Liberal Administrations sent Commissioners to Washington to promote it in 1892 and 1898-99, numerous other attempts being made with the same object both before and after those dates, while for many years the offer of reciprocity retained its place upon the Canadian Statute Book. Indeed, absolute Free Trade both in manufactures and natural products was advocated in the Liberal campaign carried on in 1888 by Sir Richard Cartwright, and it was the reciprocity plank, formally adopted in 1893, which won the election for the Liberals in 1896. It was only the persistent refusal of Washington to consider the suggestion and the decision in 1896 to raise a tariff wall against the Dominion that forced the Canadians into the independent development of their own resources and the search for trans-oceanic markets east and west.

It should hardly be necessary to recall that preference was introduced by the Laurier Ministry in 1897 in redemption of the Free Trade pledges made

by them in the preceding campaign in which they defeated the Conservatives. Those Canadian Conservatives who now, in opposition, are such strong advocates of preferential arrangements with the Mother Country gave no preference whatever to Great Britain from 1887 to 1896, during which period they were in power, any more than the British Conservative Tariff Reform party took any practical steps during their long term of office to grant to Canada the preference which they advocate. Speaking at Lethbridge on August 31 last, Sir Wilfrid Laurier taunted his Conservative opponents with their opposition to reciprocity on the ground that it might endanger the British preference. He recalled that it was the Conservatives who had always opposed that preference, and that on its introduction in April 1897, Sir Charles Tupper, the leader of their party, declared it was going to destroy Canadian manufactures.

They repeated that for one or two years, and then they had to abandon the cry because the manufactures were not destroyed. The tall chimneys did not topple over, but became stronger, and there were more of them. They had another cry, which was that it was not patriotic to give the preference to the trade of the Mother Country unless the Mother Country was prepared to give us the preference in her own markets also. . . . Why did we give it? First of all, because it suited us to do so.

Here it may be recalled that at an earlier date, between 1879 and 1887, strong protests were made from time to time in this country against the protective policy of Canada against England—among the most noteworthy being that by John Bright at Birmingham in 1885 and those in both Houses of Parliament in 1887.

The subject of a probable reciprocity arrangement was, of course, keenly discussed in the Dominion as well as

in the United States last autumn. It was both advocated and opposed on many different grounds. In Canada, some of the most weighty opinions I heard expressed, while approving of it in principle, merely expressed doubt as to the possibility of ever arriving at anything like a fair bargain with the American negotiators. In fact, it was more a question of terms than of principle that gave rise to doubts on the part of some Canadians as to the wisdom of entering into any negotiations at all. This is not surprising in view of the repeated rebuffs which proposals for reciprocity on the part of the Canadians had formerly met with at Washington.

As usual in protectionist countries, all those sections in both countries who benefit by the tariffs at the expense of the rest of the community are very local. The depressing experience of the Canadians in the past thus led to a kind of blindly fatalistic conviction that it would be impossible ever to find a body of public opinion strong enough to overcome the resistance of the interested advocates of the *status quo*. Even the Canadian friends of reciprocity were very doubtful whether the negotiations would lead to any practical results. But this time the hands of Sir Wilfrid Laurier were undoubtedly much strengthened by the revelation of the force of Free Trade feeling in the growing West of Canada, a force which he had himself had an opportunity of gauging during his tour through those provinces last year, and which found a visible and impressive symbol in the large and important deputation of farmers that came to Ottawa on December 16 to lay their views before the Government.

On the other hand, the swing of the pendulum in a democratic direction at last year's election in the United States—a swing due in the main to a passionate revolt of the American people

against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, a revolt so universal that it took by surprise even the cleverest electioneers and had to be witnessed on the spot to be thoroughly realized—forced the hands of the Republican Executive. It made obvious to the Republican leaders that they must swim with the tide or be prepared to see their party submerged at the Presidential Election in 1912. The significant fact that not only President Taft but Colonel Roosevelt supports the ratification of the Reciprocity Agreement, and that some of the oldest "standpat" high-tariffers among the Republican chiefs have taken the same course, is the best indication of what popular feeling in the United States is believed to be by those who have made it the business of their lives to keep their finger on the public pulse.

This combination makes it practically certain that the Reciprocity Agreement will be ratified in both countries and that little heed will now be paid to those representatives of sectional interests who were formerly all-powerful at Ottawa and Washington. It is not to be expected that when once this breach has been made in the tariff wall it will ever be rebuilt, or even that the barrier will be allowed to remain intact in other directions. Already the farmers' organizations in America are beginning to demand reductions in the tariff on manufactured articles as compensation for the fact that they are themselves to be exposed to the free competition of their Canadian rivals in their own business.

Let us consider for a moment the character of the Reciprocity Agreement which the United States has now been driven to accept by the combined effect of the popular revolt against high prices and the growing needs of her own manufacturers for fresh supplies of cheap raw material. The new arrangement, which does not take the

formal shape of a treaty, but is to come into effect by concurrent legislation at Ottawa and Washington, comprises a comparatively large schedule concerned chiefly with food products of all kinds that are made reciprocally free in both countries. This free list comprises:

Live animals and poultry, corn and fodder, fresh vegetables and fruits, dairy produce, oils, seeds, fish, salt, mineral waters, half-finished timber in various forms, plaster rock, mica, feldspar, asbestos, &c., glycerine, talc, sulphate of soda, carbon electrodes, rolled iron or steel sheets, and plates, steel wire, galvanized iron, &c., type-casting and type-setting machines, barbed fencing wire, &c., coke, wood-pulp and paper.

The second schedule establishes identical rates of duty for a considerable number of semi-manufactured food products: fresh meats, bacon and ham, wheat and other flours, oatmeal, barley malt, pearl barley, &c.; macaroni, biscuits, candied peel, fruits and confectionery of all kinds, pickles and syrups, mineral waters in bottles, essential oils, &c.; a long list of agricultural implements, stone, roofing-slate, asbestos, printing ink, cutlery, clocks and watches, &c.; printer's cases, canoes and small boats, feathers, surgical dressings, plate-glass, motor vehicles, machines for the manufacture of wood-pulp, musical-instrument cases, &c.

Special rates of duty are granted for other articles specified in two further schedules, C and D, including aluminum, laths, sawed boards, iron ore, coal, cement, trees, condensed milk, biscuits, canned fruits, &c.

A little consideration of the foregoing categories will show that the concessions granted by Canada to the United States will interfere very little with British imports. During the debate on the Address Mr. Sydney Buxton pointed out that out of the total British trade with Canada of £20,000,000 only about £800,000 is affected by

the Reciprocity Agreement, so far as preference is concerned. Of that amount £477,000 worth of British goods still retain a Preference of 10 to 12 per cent., thus leaving a balance of no more than £316,000, or 1½ per cent., of British imports to Canada, the duties on which will in future be identical with those on American goods. At the same time the reciprocity agreement will afford great relief to the Canadian no less than the American masses, and considerably increase their capacity for the purchase of manufactured articles, which cannot fail to benefit British trade with Canada.

Many of the arguments that have been used in the Press and in the recent discussion in the House of Commons as to the effects of the proposed reciprocity arrangement, if ratified, more especially those dealing with the question of transportation and political results, simply ignore existing conditions. A great deal has been made of the statement, for instance, that the traffic flowing now from west to east will hereafter flow from north to south, and that this must seriously damage the great transportation lines of Canada as well as our own commercial interests. The best practical answer to this allegation is the fact that great railway men in Canada and the powerful interests which they represent do not share this apprehension. The way in which the enormous traffic now passing from Canada to the United States and *vice versa* has been ignored, as well as the large transit trade of Canadian corn through American ports in the winter months, reveals a woeful lack of study of the subject. It seems to be entirely forgotten that even under existing conditions the total trade between the United States and Canada considerably exceeds that between Canada and the Mother Country. While in the year ending March 31, 1909, the total trade of Canada

with the United States was \$285,265,717, or, say, £59,000,000, that with Great Britain was only \$204,302,113, or £42,000,000. A further noteworthy circumstance is that while the total imports of Canada from the United States were \$192,661,360, or more than double the amount of Canadian exports taken by the United States, which amounted to \$92,604,356, the British imports to Canada were but little over half the amount of the exports from Canada to Great Britain, that is to say, \$70,556,738 worth of imports as against \$133,745,375 worth of exports. In 1908, 19,768,000 bushels of Canadian wheat were shipped in transit through the following American ports: Baltimore, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Portland, while 506,105 barrels of Canadian flour were forwarded through the same ports in the same year.

As a matter of fact, both in Canada and the United States there is naturally a flow from west to east of agricultural products, while water transportation is open from the heads of the lakes down to the seaports on the east coast. The wheat areas of both countries have to a large extent the same outlet at the head of Lake Superior. On the other hand, there is a large traffic north and south, not merely in manufactured goods but in such heavy articles as coal, coke, lumber, &c. No one who has visited the two countries and realized what a purely artificial and arbitrary line of division the customs tariffs have raised between two peoples who have so much in common in life and thought, will be surprised to find that at a favorable political juncture like the present, old jealousies are being put aside, sectional, selfish interests are being overridden, and common sense is having its way after a lapse of many years. That the industrial population of Maine and Massachusetts should be precluded from

the use of the agricultural produce of Quebec, so suitable for the cultivation of fruit and vegetables; that the wheat-growers of Alberta and Saskatchewan should be cut off from the American central market, with its growing industrial population; that two countries whose coal deposits are placed by Nature in the case of Canada at the extremities, and in that of the United States mainly in the centre of a line of frontier extending for about three thousand miles,—is a condition of things which could not in reason be expected to continue, and which no amount of artificial straight-waistcoating on the part of our Tariff Reformers could have maintained in the long run.

If the idea that an extension of trade between Canada and the United States must draw the Dominion into the political orbit of its great neighbor were well founded, this process would already be manifest, as no force in this world could permanently prevent the growth of trade between these two populations. Indeed, there has never been, nor is there now, any political foundation for this hypothesis. The Canadian people are a very distinct political entity, and the sense of Canada's nationhood is what most impresses any visitor to that country. Whatever may have been the fears or hopes of those who years ago looked forward to Canada ultimately entering the Federation of the United States, I do not think that any statesman in either country would to-day, in spite of Mr. Champ Clark's misunderstood joke, seriously consider that eventuality as one worth discussing.

A number of prominent Canadians, some of them supporters of the Tariff Reform standpoint in this controversy, have effectively helped to dispose of the idea that Great Britain is likely to suffer seriously either from an economic or political standpoint in conse-

quence of the Reciprocity Agreement. According to the *Daily Mail* correspondent at Ottawa, in a telegram dated February 7, 1911, several Conservative newspapers in Canada considered that the Agreement was not only a good thing for the Dominion, but would do no harm to the Empire. Sir Donald Mann, Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway, goes as far as to say that the arrangement will benefit English trade, while Sir W. Mackenzie, president of that railway, repudiates the idea that the Agreement will throw Canada politically into the arms of the United States. He does not think that it will have any political effect whatever, and asserts that there will be no tendency under it to weaken the ties between the Dominion and the Mother Country. Sir W. Mackenzie does not believe that a large proportion of the Canadian wheat crop will be diverted to the south. The Americans, he says, now produce all the wheat they require, and if they import wheat from Canada, they will themselves have all the more to export.

It is not necessary to conclude, as many here do, that the increase of American trade means a diminution of British trade with Canada. In fact, the figures for the five years 1905-1909 show that the trade of this country and the United States with Canada has increased concurrently within that period. In a great number of products England cannot possibly compete with the United States in the Canadian market, as is evident when it is remembered that to a large extent Canada's imports from the United States consists of commodities such as agricultural produce, including bread-stuffs, sugar, and raw tobacco; animal, fishery, and forest products; and minerals comprising coal, oils, and ores. In the matter of manufactures, the fact that the habits and conditions of

life of the Canadians are so similar to those of the States gives a great advantage to American manufacturers. The latter are already making articles for their own immense market which are equally suitable for Canadian requirements. The English manufacturer, on the other hand, is in a very different position, as, in order fully to meet the Canadian demand, he would have to establish special departments, new designs, models and patterns adapted to the local conditions of what is for him, up to the present, a relatively small market. When in Canada I heard many complaints of a certain want of adaptability on the part of British manufacturers to the requirements of their Canadian customers, and of an unwillingness either to study or to comply with local requirements, with the result that many merchants who preferred English goods owing to their superior workmanship were unable to sell them. Another advantage enjoyed by the American manufacturer is proximity to his customer, which enables both to enter more easily into direct personal relations.

To compensate for these natural disadvantages, English manufacturers will have to devote more money and thought to the establishment in Canada of stocks, warehouses, and other facilities with the object of enabling their customers readily to obtain supplies of spare parts and all those little details that mean so much in the conduct of industrial enterprises, and in the smooth working of their daily routine. Our firms would also need to organize a more energetic propaganda for British goods in the Dominion, and to take into account the necessity of relieving themselves as far as circumstances permit of the handicap imposed by the difference in currency and weights in Canada. They should accommodate themselves to Canadian requirements in those respects, and base

The English Review.

their calculations on the dollar currency and on the short ton of 2000 lb., which is universally adopted on the North-American continent. There can be no doubt that a certain revision of the methods of British manufacturers in these respects would do much to increase the sale of English goods, the solidity and high quality of which are fully appreciated by the Canadians, who would be glad to do business with our firms in preference to any other if a greater attention to their requirements made it possible for them. There is a huge business awaiting our manufacturers in the Dominion, a vast country with unlimited resources, and a rapidly growing market, in which closer attention and greater energy will do far more to foster their trade than tariff crutches, with their paralyzing influence on enterprise.

Although it may be a long time before a state of absolute Free Trade comes into existence between the two great kindred States of North America, it is now quite clear that there the apostles of high protection have had their day. How far this swing of the pendulum may lead in the immediate future to a further demolition of tariff walls it is difficult to forecast. The moral effect, however, of the practical proof in both countries that the free exchange of products leads to greater prosperity and not to mutual destruction, cannot, if properly emphasized, be lost upon the intelligent democracies of the two most progressive States of the American Continent. All those who hold that an increase in the world's trade, the reduction of artificial barriers, and the most economic use of the varied potentialities of the earth are a gain for humanity must rejoice to think that a great step in the direction of universal Free Trade has been taken in the conclusion of the Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the United States.

THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

The tercentenary of the publication of the Authorized Version of the Bible is an occasion that calls for grateful commemoration. Not only has the Authorized Version a rightful claim to be regarded as the first great English classic—not only, as Hallam admits, is it “the perfection of our English language” but its influence on the religious and social life of successive generations of English-speaking peoples at home, in the colonies, and in America can hardly be exaggerated. It is the purpose of the present paper to trace the history of this great Version and to consider its beneficent influence on the life and language of the English people.

It is a curious fact, as has been pointed out that the origin of this Version should have been of an incidental, almost an accidental, character. The Hampton Court Conference, it will be remembered, was held soon after the accession of James I. to consider “things pretended to be amiss in the Church.” On the second day of the Conference—Monday, January 16, 1604—Dr. Reynolds, the Puritan leader, the learned President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, suggested: “May your Majesty be pleased that the Bible be new translated, such as are extant not answering the original,” and he instanced two or three particulars. The Bishop of London broke in with the remark that “if every man’s humor be followed there would be no end of translating”; but the suggestion commended itself to the King. “I wish,” he said “some special pains were taken for an uniform translation, which should be done by the best-learned in both Universities, then reviewed by the Bishops, presented to the Privy Council, lastly ratified by Royal authority, to be read in the whole

Church, and no other.” He further added that no marginal notes should be added thereto, for, he said, “in the Geneva translation some notes are partial, untrue, seditious, and savoring of traitorous conceits.” The practical outcome of this debate was the appointment in 1607 of a body of revisers, some forty-seven in number, which was divided into six companies, of which two were to sit at Cambridge, two at Oxford, and two at Westminster. Many of the revisers are otherwise unknown to fame, but the company included the saintly Dean Andrewes, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; Dean Overal, the author of the latter portion of the Church Catechism; Dr. Reynolds, in some sense “the father of the Version”; Dr. Saravia, the friend of Hooker; Dr. Abbott, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Barlow, the historian of the Hampton Court Conference; Dr. Miles Smith, who wrote “the learned and religious preface to the translation”; and Mr. Bedwell, of Cambridge, the tutor of the famous Oriental scholar, Pococke. But few details as to the exact order of procedure have come down to us, and never perhaps, as Dr. Scrivener says, has a great enterprise of a like nature been carried out with less knowledge handed down to posterity of the laborers, their method, and manner of working. We learn, however, that the work of revision occupied two years and nine months, and some time in 1611, “after long expectation and great desire,” says Fuller, the new Version was published. Here again it is curious that we do not know the exact date of publication. There were, it appears, two distinct issues of the work in 1611, but the precise date of neither is known, and it has even been

a matter of much dispute as to which was the earlier. The number of slightly variant copies still extant seems to show that the original publication cannot have been made very late in the year; and beyond that, writes Dr. Kenyon of the British Museum in a letter, it is not possible to go. It may be, as some have suggested, that the record of the publication was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Among the rules laid down for the guidance of the revisers was the following: "The ordinary Bible read in the Church, commonly called the Bishops' Bible, to be followed and as little altered as the truth of the Original will permit. . . . These translations to be used when they agree better with the text than the Bishops' Bible: Tindale's, Matthews', Coverdale's, Whitchurch's [*i.e.* the Great Bible], Geneva." And that they strictly followed their instructions is clear. In their Preface, now unfortunately often omitted in modern copies of the Authorized Version, while the fulsome dedication to King James is retained, the revisers say: "Truly, good Christian reader we never thought, from the beginning, that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one . . . but to make a good one better or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against—that hath been our endeavor, that our mark." And it is to this principle that the Authorized Version owes its unrivalled merits. It was the very aim of the revisers to appropriate the chief excellences of each former version with which they were acquainted. It has thus come to pass, as Trench says, that our Version, "like a costly mosaic," besides having its own felicities, is the inheritor of the successes in language of all the translations which went before. Indeed, so anxious were the revisers to profit by existing translations

that they did not decline to use the Rheimish Version, and from that source we get the felicitous phrase, "the ministry of reconciliation," and the happy rendering, "a profane person," in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

But though King James's translators made good use of the various English Versions which during the preceding eighty-five years had followed that of Tyndale in 1526, yet Tyndale's translation remains the foundation of our Authorized Version. Indeed, every English Version that had since appeared was a mere revision or correction of Tyndale's Bible. "It is agreed on all hands," writes Professor Cook in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," "that the English of the Authorized Version is, in essentials, that of Tyndale's. Minor modifications were made by translators and revisers for the next eighty years or so; but, broadly speaking the Authorized Version is Tyndale's." In connection with this point the singularly beautiful passage in Froude's "History of England" must be quoted

Of the translation itself (he writes), though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted—which breathes through it, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity—the preternatural grandeur—unequalled, unapproached, in the attempted improvements of modern scholars—all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndale. Lying, while engaged in that great office, under the shadow of death, the sword above his head and ready at any moment to fall, he worked, under circumstances alone perhaps truly worthy of the task which was laid upon him—his spirit, as it were, divorced from the world, moved in a purer element than common air.

In what sense King James's Bible came to be called the Authorized Version has been much disputed, for, though the words "Appointed to be read in Churches" appeared upon the title-page, yet there is no evidence to show that the Version was ever publicly sanctioned by Convocation or by Parliament, or by Privy Council, or by the King. It appears, however, that the new Version speedily superseded the Bishops' Bible (which was not again reprinted) as the official version of the Scriptures in public worship, although the Geneva Bible continued for some time longer to be "the familiar volume of the fireside and the closet." At length by virtue of its own inherent superiority, it gained a general currency, and from the middle of the seventeenth century the Authorized Version has remained "the undisputed Bible" of the English people. And that it deserved the place to which by its own merits it attained is nowhere better recognized than in the Preface to the Revised Version of the New Testament, published in 1881. The revisers, who included such men as Lightfoot, Westcott, Hort, Ellicott, Scrivener, Tregelles, and Vaughan, there say: "We have had to study this great Version (the A. V.) carefully and minutely, line by line; and the longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and, we must not forget to add, the music of its cadences and the felicities of its rhythm." Similar testimony to the marvellous beauty of the language has been borne by many distinguished writers. Archbishop Trench—and no one is more qualified to speak on this aspect of the Authorized Version than the author of "The Study of Words"—declares that the language is "nearly as perfect as possible." All the words used, he says, are of "the

noblest stamp, alike removed from vulgarity and pedantry: they are neither too familiar, nor, on the other side, not familiar enough; they never crawl on the ground, as little are they stilted and far-fetched." In like manner the Roman Catholic Faber, in a passage of high eloquence thus speaks of the Authorized Version:

It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert scarcely knows how he can forego. . . . The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. It is the representative of a man's best moments; all that there is about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt never dimmed and controversy never soiled; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.

The influence of the Bible on the religious and social life of the people, and on the English language can scarcely be overestimated. Its popularity, as John Richard Green has pointed out, had been growing fast from the day when the copies of the Great Bible had been set up in St. Paul's Cathedral. Even then we are told:

many well-disposed people used much to resort to the hearing thereof, especially when they could get any that had an audible voice to read to them. . . . One John Porter used sometimes to be occupied in that godly exercise, to the edifying of himself as well as others. This Porter was a fresh young man and of a big stature, and great multitudes would resort thither to hear him, because he could read well and had an audible voice.

As time went on the repeated revisions of the Bible had helped to make men more familiar with the text. The

Bible became at length a national possession. "No other book has so penetrated and permeated the hearts and speech of the English race as has the Bible. What Homer was to the Greeks and the Koran to the Arabs, that, or something not unlike it," says Professor Cook, "the Bible has become to the English." Its influence is alike supreme on the literature, on the social life, and on the religious instincts of the English people.

It is generally allowed by all competent authorities that the Authorized Version of the Bible is the first great English classic. With the exception of a few forgotten tracts of Wyclif, all the prose literature of England, wrote John Richard Green, has grown up since Tyndale's translation of the Scriptures (the foundation of the Authorized Version) was made. "So far as the nation at large was concerned, no history, no romance, hardly any poetry save the little-known verse of Chaucer existed in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in churches." And considered simply as a "literary monument" it will be allowed that "the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue." "The English of the Authorized Version," says Dr. Kenyon, "is the finest specimen of our prose literature at a time when English prose wore its stateliest and most majestic form." Lord Macaulay, in his Essay on John Dryden, bears similar testimony. He speaks of "that stupendous work, the English Bible, a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power." And that the English Version, especially of the New Testament, which bears in particular the impress of the genius of Tyndale, is a greater literary work than the original

Greek will again be generally allowed. Lord Tennyson, we are told in his biography, would sometimes insist on this point. Some parts of the New Testament, he would say, are finer in English than in Greek, especially in the Apocalypse; and he would instance the passage, "And again they said Alleluia: and her smoke rose up for ever and ever." Magnificent conception, he would say—darkness and fire rolling together, for ever and ever! Or he would quote with boundless admiration the opening passage of the tenth chapter, "And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire." Mr. Lionel Tollemache tells us that one day Benjamin Jowett praised to him the Authorized Version of the New Testament, which he regarded as sometimes, especially in the Apocalypse, superior to the Greek original. By way of illustration Jowett repeated the text, "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." As he quoted these magnificent words, says Mr. Tollemache, "his voice betrayed more of saintly emotion than I ever observed in it before or since."

The influence of the Authorized Version upon subsequent English literature has been considerable. This influence is seen in diction, of which perhaps Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" affords the most remarkable example, in quotations, in incidental allusions, and in the numberless scriptural phrases which have passed into colloquial language. When Spenser and Shakespeare quote the Bible it is not, of course, the Version of 1611, and the same is true of most of Bacon's allusions, and of many of John Milton's.

The Authorized Version of the Bible.

Still, as we have seen, the Authorized Version is simply the result of a succession of revisions, of which Tyn-dale's incomparable translation forms the basis. Hence, as regards the literary importance of the Bible, these supreme writers need not be excluded from its influence. And that Shakespeare was intimately acquainted with the Bible has been abundantly demonstrated. Spenser, we are told, carefully studied the prophetic writings before he wrote the "Faerie Queen." In twenty-four of his essays alone Bacon has more than seventy allusions to the Bible. Milton's stately and organ-sounding prose, as well as his immortal poems, are impregnated with the phraseology of the English Bible. So, too, with other great writers. The works of Addison, the "Seasons" of James Thomson, the "Night Thoughts" of Edward Young, the poems of Alexander Pope, abound in Scriptural allusions, and that, as Dean Farrar once said, in their most beautiful and impressive passages. When the poor poet, William Collins, had withdrawn from study, he travelled about, Dr. Johnson tells us, with no other book than an English Testament such as children carry to school. When his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, the poet said, "I have but one book, but that book is the best."

Considerable, however, as has been the influence of the Authorized Version on English literature, its effect has been not less conspicuous on social life and education. It has shown itself in a thousand ways. And in none perhaps more strikingly than in the ordinary speech of the people. The language of the seventeenth century is colored by the phraseology of the Authorized Version. When Oliver Cromwell beheld the rising sun dissolving the morning mists that hung over the

hills of Dunbar, he exclaimed, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" The characters in Bunyan's numerous works all talk in Bible language. We perhaps hardly realize how widely scriptural expressions have become incorporated in modern phraseology. Professor Cook has gathered a number together, from which the following, by way of illustration, may be selected: "highways and hedges," "clear as crystal," "still small voice," "hip and thigh," "lick the dust," "broken reed," "sweat of his brow," "root of all evil," "the fat of the land," "dark sayings," "a soft answer," "moth and rust," "weighed in the balance and found wanting." Or, turning to another aspect of Bible influence, what a potent force the Authorized Version has been in the matter of education! It will be remembered that Ruskin attributed any merit his writings possessed to the fact of his early training in Bible literature. "All that I have taught of Art," he says, "everything that I have written, whatever greatness there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that, when I was a child, my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart." Daniel Webster the great American orator, bears similar testimony: "If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended," he says, "the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scripture." The same influence, we are told, played an equally important part in the early education of Walt Whitman and of Abraham Lincoln. For the Bible, as J. A. Froude reminds us in his sketch of John Bunyan in the "English Men of Letters" series, "is a literature in itself—the rarest and the richest in all departments of thought or imagination which exists." Regarded simply

as a means of education, what more glowing testimony to the value of the Bible would it be possible to obtain than the following passage by Professor Huxley in the "Contemporary Review" for December 1870:

Consider (he says) the great historical fact that for three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain, and is familiar to noble and simple from John o' Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso were once to the Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of a merely literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and of a great past, stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations of the world.

By the study of what other book (he adds) could children be so much humanized, and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all times, according to its efforts to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?

But great as has been the value of the Authorized Version from a literary and social standpoint, and as a means of education, its religious significance has been far greater. For three centuries it has been the Bible of the English race, irrespective of sect or party, of Church or community. "The Bible," said Chillingworth—and the words are inscribed on his monument in Salisbury Cathedral—"the Bible is the religion of Protestants." It has been the Bible alike of Anglican and Nonconformist, of Presbyterian and Episcopalian, of High Churchman and Evangelical. Men of such different

ideals as George Fox and George Herbert and John Wesley have been at one in their reverence for its sacred page. The Puritan, the Sacerdotalist, and the Latitudinarian have all recognized its Divine authority.* "Men of saintly lives like Bishop Morley and Thomas Ken, men of science like Newton and Clerk-Maxwell, men of action like Havelock and Gordon, philanthropists like Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, Churchmen of every school—Simeon, Pusey, Arnold, Maurice, Liddon, Lightfoot—have humbly, diligently, prayerfully, steeped themselves in the writings of the Bible. They found there," says the Bishop of Winchester, "what no other book could supply." When Peabody was an old man—it is the late Dean Farrar who, in one of his addresses, tells the story—he was sitting one day in his office near the Royal Exchange, and, for some reason, a boy brought into the room a copy of the New Testament. Peabody looked up from his ledger. "Ah! my lad," he said, "you carry that book very easily now, but when you are as old as I am, you will find it will be the only thing that can support and carry you." It may be remembered that, when his son went as a colonist to Australia, Charles Dickens placed in his trunk a copy of the Bible, and afterwards wrote to him:

I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child, because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be faithful and truthful to duty can possibly be guided.

In a not dissimilar strain Sir Walter Scott wrote in one of his Bibles the following lines:

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries,
Happiest he of human race
To whom God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To point to Heaven, and learn the way;
And better had he ne'er been born
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn.

When the great novelist lay dying, he said to his son-in-law, "Bring me the Book." "What book?" asked Lockhart. "Need you ask?" replied Sir Walter; "there is but one." In the same spirit the saintly Silurian poet, Henry Vaughan thus addresses the sacred volume:

Living, thou wert my soul's sure ease,
And dying mak'st me go in peace;
Thy next effects no tongue can tell;
Farewell, O book of God, farewell!

Not less deeply has the Bible appealed to the heart of the poor. Huxley has spoken of it as "the Magna Charta of the poor and the oppressed." Probably no lines in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," as it has been said, have so much endeared Scotland's national poet to his countrymen as the picture of the family, "the cherfu' supper done," gathering around the "priest-like father," who, "his bonnet rev'rently laid aside," opens "the big ha'-Bible" and "reads the sacred page." But the power and interest of these verses is entirely due to the peculiar and unrivalled place held by the Bible in the hearts of the British people. Its message of encouragement and hope appeals to their feelings. There have been thousands who have found comfort and inspiration, amid the difficulties of life, because like Cowper's pious cottager, they

Just know, and know no more, their Bible true.

"In the poorest cottage," said Thomas Carlyle, "is one Book, wherein the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, and an interpreting response

to whatever is deepest in him." "In this Book," says the aged grandmother, in Tennyson's poem—"In this Book, little Annie, the message is one of peace."

It is the tercentenary of the publication of this volume that we are this year celebrating. This year will also witness the august ceremony of the Coronation of the King, part of which bears eloquent testimony to the supreme position the Bible holds in the conscience of the English people. When the Sovereign is crowned in the great Abbey of Westminster a copy of the Bible is laid upon the Holy Table, and from thence is taken by the Archbishop and placed in the hands of the newly crowned King with these solemn words:

Our gracious Sovereign! We present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that the world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the royal law; these are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that keep the words of this Book; that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation; and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

And the Book has not lost its ancient power. Its influence is as great to-day as when, three hundred and fifty years ago, Queen Elizabeth entered London for her Coronation, and the Corporation, as the best gift they could offer her, presented her in Cheapside with a copy of the English Bible. She kissed it, "thanking the City for their goodly gift," and saying she "would diligently read therein." There are still, in the language of Milton, "no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the Prophets, and no politics equal to those the Scriptures can teach us."

Indeed, if the Reformation was, as it has been well said, the re-discovering of the Bible, the same is true, in an even wider and deeper sense, of modern scholarship and criticism. The Bible speaks to us to-day in a clearer and more unfaltering voice than it spoke to our forefathers.

We no longer need to read the Bible (as the eloquent Bishop of Ripon has well said) with the blinds of our intelligence half drawn down. We no longer open the pages of the Prophets with the feeling that we are to force ourselves, as once seemed necessary, into a mental attitude, which was a strange mixture of anxious devoutness and a pained sense of a lack of completeness . . . while our intellectual honesty compelled us to feel that we did not really understand when we had read.

For centuries (writes the learned Bishop of Winchester) the Prophets have been ignored as mysterious oracles.

The Cornhill Magazine.

cles, honored and valued merely for the precious texts and sayings which sparkled like rare and brilliant gems upon the dim, obscure surface of an unexplored literature. Modern scholarship has laid bare their intimate relation to the political and social problems of the day. . . . There has been no more helpful, no more stimulating exegetical work done by modern critical scholars than the treatment of the Prophets by Driver, George Adam Smith, Kirkpatrick, and Ottley.

The words of King James's revisers, in 1611, have gained force in the course of centuries: "If we be ignorant, the Scriptures will instruct us; if out of the way, they will bring us home; if out of order, they will reform us; if in heaviness, comfort us; if dull, quicken us; if cold, inflame us. *Tolle, lege; Tolle lege.*"

John Vaughan.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XV.

When Saturday evening came David asked Tamsine suddenly if they were to carry out the plan originally proposed, and if he should either walk with her to church or carry her books home for her at the conclusion of the service.

"Not this Sunday, I think," said Tamsine hesitatingly. "I don't like to start walkin' with you reg'lar till father an' mother knows somethin' about it. There, 'tisn't a thing one can very well write about—but I'm expectin' father to come over next week to see Sam. Sam don't take no notice o' his letters, so father says he'll just come an' fetch him. He's got the promise of a trap from a neighbor. I'd ha' sent Cornick to fetch him, but I

don't want to seem to drive Sam too hard."

"All right," said David. "I'll wait a bit."

In his heart he was not ill-pleased. If his public courtship of Tamsine were to begin too soon what would Martha think of his protestations of fidelity? He could not allow Tamsine to be identified with the object of his affections without entirely betraying his dangerous secret.

"But I'd like ye to go to church, ye know, David," resumed the girl, in her soft voice; "you an' me can worship together, though we mldn't kneel side by side."

"Miss Strange in her pew up at top," said David, smiling, "an' me down near the porch? Nay, Tamsine;

"I'll wait till us can be together."

Tamsine looked at him wistfully, but the timidity of which she was sometimes conscious when in David's presence forbade her uttering the protest on her lips.

Mrs. Cornick was not a very great churchgoer; she generally confined herself to the donning of a Sabbath gown a trifle less rusty in complexion than the every-day one, an apron of immaculate whiteness, and the perusal of a battered copy of "Enquire Within About Everything," with a most sanctimonious expression of countenance. Now and then she "stepped down" to see her daughter Annie, but rarely, for Mrs. Cornick abhorred any unnecessary exertion, and preferred to visit her former home on a week-day, when Tim could give her "a lift" in the cart.

Tamsine was the more astonished when on the following Sunday afternoon she beheld her housekeeper arrayed in bonnet and shawl and prayer-book in hand.

"Goin' to church, Mrs. Cornick?"

"'Ees, my dear, I be just goin' to step down-along. 'Tis a beautiful afternoon, an' I d' 'low the walk 'ull do me good. I do always like to visit my place o' worship when I can," said Mrs. Cornick with a sigh, as though her absences from church on other occasions were absolutely unavoidable.

Tamsine stood in the doorway watching the unwieldy figure roll across the yard, its trailing skirts gathering a fringe of chaff, small twigs, and other extraneous objects as it proceeded. By-and-by even the limp feather on the top of the battered bonnet had disappeared from view, and the girl found herself alone. She, too, strolled across the yard, stood a moment hesitating at the gate, and then slowly climbed the shoulder of the down in obedience to some restless impulse. A lark was singing in the cloudless sky; down in her own yard

the fowls were lazily clucking, while a young calf bleated occasionally from an inner shed. Looking back at the homestead, she could see the smoke from her kitchen chimney ascending perpendicularly, for there was not the slightest breath of air stirring; Carlo lay curled up on the doorstep. Everything was still, and at rest, except something in her own heart—a formless anxiety, a longing, a foreboding. There was something in David which she could not understand, something untameable, unfathomable. Sometimes, when seated at her *fæet*, looking up at her with adoring eyes, she would see the expression of those eyes change, and a wild look come into them, such a look as may be observed in the eyes of a bird when about to take wing. Tender and considerate as his manner always was with her, having in it, indeed, at times an element of reverence, she felt that something in him eluded her. To-day, for instance, why had he not granted her request—why had he withheld from her the satisfaction of knowing that, though they knelt apart, their hearts worshipped in common? What was he doing now?

She was standing amid a clump of furze, the distinctive perfume of the blossoms filling her nostrils, her own figure, in its pink dress, emerging flower-like from the dark irregular growth, when faint sounds fell upon her ear. Low piping notes, which were produced by no bird, as she well knew, but which closely imitated the whistle of a blackbird; she recognized David's familiar signal. She turned quickly, but could descry no one; yet presently the call came again, and was repeated, now, as it seemed, in one place and now in another; she was beginning to ask herself whether the piping of a real bird had not played her imagination this trick, when from a clump of gorse but twenty yards away David's laughing face protruded itself,

and in another moment he stood by her side.

"Didn't I puzzle ye nicely?" he asked. "Ye couldn't for the life of ye guess where I was, could ye?"

"Were you in the bush all the time?" asked she, with some displeasure.

"No, not all the time. When you was lookin' for me in one direction, I did slip across behind your back. 'Ees, out here if I did want to hide myself, I d' 'low 'twould be easy enough."

"I wish ye wouldn't say such things," she rejoined in a troubled voice; "they mid come true some day. What were ye doin' up here—watchin' out for me?"

"Partly," said he; then with a mischievous smile he produced something from his pocket which he put into her hand; a noose of fine wire working with a slip knot.

"What is it?" she asked.

"'Tis a gin," he rejoined—"a snare for takin' rabbits an' such like."

"Oh, David, an' what are ye goin' to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket to sarve me some other time," he replied. "I've set two or three more in likely places," he added. "I'm in hopes o' catchin' a leveret for that poor old body, Miss Strickland. There, she do never taste a bit o' meat from one week's end to another."

"How can you be so wicked, David?" cried Tamsine, in a shocked voice. "Poachin's bad enough at any time, but to go poachin' on a Sunday of all days!"

"There's not so many people about on Sundays," he returned; "an' ye'll never make me think 'tis wicked, my mald, to catch the little wild things that are swarmin' up here on the downs, when there's folks in want of a meal."

Tamsine, recovering somewhat from the first shock of the discovery, now gazed at him earnestly:—

"You'll break my heart if you do take up wi' bad ways, David," she said. "'Tisn't right, whatever ye may say—if 'twas right there wouldn't be laws again' it; an' 'tis worse to do wrong of a Sunday." Her voice trembled, and there were tears in her eyes.

David laughed again, but very kindly.

"Ye be a good mald—just about!" he said. "Well, for your sake I'll go an' pick up those snares—but it do seem a pity. There, there was one place just over yonder, t'other side of the copse, where I could see bits o' fur a-stickin' to the furze, an' the moss underneath was actually warm. A hare must ha' been layin' there a few minutes afore I did come up. 'Twould ha' made a fine supper for old Jane Strickland."

"But whatever could she think if you was to bring it home?" cried Tamsine quickly. "David, can't ye see 'twould ha' got ye into trouble if ye had done it? I can't think how ye can run such risks when ye're in such danger as it is."

"She mid ha' thought I ketched it up here on your farm," returned he indifferently. "I mid put a gin or two down t'other side o' the hedge an' satisfy ye that way. I suppose Miss Strange 'ull give me leave to catch a rabbit or two on her land?"

"No, no!" cried the girl desperately. "Leave the game alone if ye love me, David. I don't want ye to be seen wi' gins or guns or anything o' the kind—I don't want ye to think o' them—they're dangerous every way. Oh, David, can't ye make yourself happy wi'out such things?"

He gazed at her thoughtfully, and then slowly drew from his pocket five or six nooses such as the one he had already shown her, and a twist of wire similar to that of which they had been made.

"There," he said; "take 'em an'

throw 'em in the fire while I go an' get the others."

"Oh, thank ye, David!" murmured Tamsine, so fervently that he smiled again.

"Ye be the simplest maid that ever walked this earth," he said; "an' the best. Ye shall have your way."

Before the wire had been consumed in the very heart of Tamsine's glowing Sunday fire, David stood by her side on the hearth, having dropped the four nooses which he had previously set on the downs likewise into the red cavern.

"Do ye know," he said, "there was a rabbit in one of 'em? Yes, caught as nice as could be. When I did feel it jumpin' under my hand I tell ye it did cost me summat to let it go again—but I did—along o' you."

"Well, I thank you for that," rejoined she, "an' I'm sure I'm glad the poor little thing got off. I can't imagine what pleasure it could be to anybody to kill a poor little innocent beast what never did nobody any harm."

"There isn't much pleasure in killin' of 'em when they're caught that way in gins," agreed David. "The only pleasure there is layin' the snare so cunnin' they're not like to see it—but nearly anybody could do that. No, I'll agree there's more fun when the bird or beast has a chance for its life. Wi' a good dog now—when you see the hare or the rabbit doublin' an' twistin' in an' out, back an' forth—an' maybe gettin' off in the end—or to shoot a bird what's flyin' full tilt—yes, that's worth doin'—anythin's worth doin' that's hard to do."

The peculiar look had returned to his eyes again; he flung up his arms, curving his forefinger as though pulling an imaginary trigger.

"David!" cried Tamsine. Then in an instant he turned to her, his face full of remorseful tenderness.

"There; 'twas but a fancy, an' 'tis

gone. My poachin' days are over, maldie. Ye'll drive away the memory o' them jist as you've drove away everythin' else that was bad from my heart. Now, sit ye down an' let's do a bit o' coortin' here by the fireside—that's to be *our* fireside one o' these days. 'Tis church-time, an' nobody 'ull come next or nigh us for an hour or more."

"I wish you'd gone to church once to-day," said Tamsine impulsively; then, after a pause she added shyly, "Shall I read ye a chapter, David?"

"If ye like," said he.

She got out the great Bible with its worn leather cover, the title-page of which bore sundry family chronicles, the last record being that of her aunt's death set down in Uncle Cosh's sprawling writing.

"The next 'ull be our weddin'," said David.

"No, I can't put it down there," answered Tamsine, flushing. "I wouldn't dare write your real name, an' 'twould be wrong to put down a false one."

David gazed at her reflectively, but made no remark, and Tamsine somewhat hurriedly opened the book.

"What shall I read?" she added.

As he continued to contemplate her without speaking, she repeated her question, and then he roused himself and took the book from her.

"Let's see—about Jacob and Rachel maybe—I like that. A man in those days was much the same as a man now. So soon as he did catch sight of her, ye see, he lost his heart to her."

"Ye shouldn't say such things," cried Tamsine, deeply scandalized. "'Twas God directed him."

"Well, an' isn't there a sayin' about marriages bein' made in heaven? But we won't have that if ye don't like it."

He turned over the pages musingly, reading a line or two aloud here and there:—"Rachel was beautiful and well-

favoured, and Jacob loved Rachel; and said I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy younger daughter. That's nice, too."

"It's all good," said Tamsine.

She was sitting watching him with a face reverently composed and hands folded in her lap.

David continued to turn over the well-thumbed pages.

"No, let's have this," he cried suddenly:—"Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks"—read me that," he said.

Tamsine took the book from him and obediently read the fourth chapter of the Song of Solomon. Her voice was very soft and low and if she occasionally paused to have a good look at an unusual word, she did not stumble or mispronounce as another girl of her class might have done.

David sat a few paces away from her, his chin sunk in his hands, his eyes fixed on her face.

When she had concluded he straightened himself and smiled.

"Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely," he repeated; "that's true, anyhow."

Tamsine looked up, startled.

"David—you weren't thinkin' o' me all the time?"

"Who else?" rejoined he. "It m'd all ha' been wrote about you."

Tamsine's religious education had been of the simplest order, and it is doubtful if she had ever heard of the symbolic meaning of the words which she had been reading; but she was nevertheless shocked at David's attitude of mind. She put away the Bible in silence and with a flushed face, and he said with a quick change of tone:

"You're a bit put out to hear me talk like that."

"No," returned she doubtfully, "but it doesn't seem to be quite right.

The Bible's a holy book, an' when I do read it to ye it did ought to make ye think o' holy things—not what I look like or how my voice sounds."

"You be a holy thing to me," said David.

He took his cap, and paused a moment by her side.

"I'm goin' now," he said. "'Tis gettin' on for milkin' time, an' 'twouldn't do for Pike an' Cornick to find me here. I'll go an' lie out there on the downs in the lewth o' that clump o' gorse where you were standin' jist now—I'll lie there an' think o' you, an' you can sit down to your little organ an' think o' me while ye be playin'. If ye do leave the windows open I'll hear ye now an' again. I d' 'low 'tis as good a way o' spendin' Sunday as any other."

He paused a moment longer, then kissed her gently and was gone.

Tamsine, still puzzled but strangely moved, opened the little harmonium and went through all her simple repertoire. Sometimes she sang the hymns, sometimes she contented herself with playing the tune, endeavoring to fix her attention the while on the words which remained unuttered. Nevertheless, in spite of herself, her imagination conjured up the image of David—David lying prone on the sunny sward, gazing upwards at the blue heavens and thinking of her.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Cornick's entrance roused Tamsine with a start. That good woman, throwing herself into a chair, loosed the strings of her bonnet and mopped her heated brow; then, fixing her eyes on the girl she remarked with a portentous air:—

"I've a-heerd summat down to Chudbury—summat a bit queer—jist about!"

"What?" asked Tamsine, with a gasp and a paling face. Supposing that

her secret had been discovered. She gazed at Mrs. Cornick with a guilty expression.

"Do you know nothin' about it? There, I could scarce believe my daughter Annie when she did first tell I. Thinks I, I'll go an' see for myself. Ye mid think 'twere somethin' unus'al as took me to Chudbury such a martial hot day, an' me so troubled wi' my breath. But 'twas for your sake I done it."

"But what is it?" repeated Tamsine, now intensely puzzled, though the opening words of Mrs. Cornick's speech had relieved her apprehensions on her own score.

The other continued to polish her face with a pocket-handkerchief still folded in its original square, and to rock herself a little in her chair, partly as a tribute to the heat of the day, and partly to the gravity of the situation.

"Says I to Annie, 'Tis my dooty,' I did say, 'to find out if there's truth in this report. I wouldn't like to go an' worrit poor Tamsine Strange wi' jist a bit o' ord'nary gossip'—folks do talk so much hereabouts about nothink—but if there's truth in it,' says I, 'the girl ought to know, for I'm afeerd she'll hold herself to blame.'"

"I wish you'd speak out, Mrs. Cornick," cried Tamsine, exasperated.

"Well, my dear, I be a-speakin' out so plain as I can. There, I do assure ye, when I did see the pair o' them a-walkin, down the path in front o' me so bold as brass, an' a-singin' out o' the same book an' all, I did say to myself, 'Tis a reg'lar Jezzybel'—an' her a good six or seven year older nor him, mind ye."

"You're talkin' o' Sam, I suppose," cried Tamsine, aghast—"but who's the woman?"

"Why, who but the Widow West—an' her husband murdered an' all. A body 'ud think she'd know better nor take up wi' a whipper-snapper of a lad,

wi'out so much as a hair on his face—that's to say," added Mrs. Cornick, correcting herself, "wi' not more nor a few dozen, an' them not worth shavin'. I should never have believed it, if I hadn't seed it wi' my very own eyes. There she was, dressed out in a flowered musling—her what did never wear nothin' but black since Keeper West was killed, as was but becomin'—an' all her red hair done up fashionable, an' a white hat same as a maid mid have. An' there was Measter Sam wi' a girt stiff shirt collar tryin' his best to look like a man."

"Sam coortin' Mrs. West!" ejaculated Tamsine, still incredulously.

"Ah, my dear, they've been at it some days, what's more," rejoined Mrs. Cornick. "There, Mrs. Frizzle mentioned to me the other day, when I went down to buy a packet o' starch, that Mrs. West had left off her deep. 'Tis all colors now, Mrs. Cornick,' says she. 'She've a-hunted out the frocks what she did wear when her an' keeper was first married, an' they d' say she be gettin' a new musling in Branstons for Sundays.' 'Never,' says I. 'Ees,' says she; 'that's what comes o' havin' two young men lodgin' i' the house,' says she. Well, I thought no more on it at the time, reck'ning that she were a-settin' o' her cap at Davidge—that had ha' been suitable enough—but to think o' its being Sam! It do seem downright unnait'ral."

"'Tis only a bit o' nonsense," said Tamsine quickly. Mrs. Cornick's last words had made her wince, and she had turned her back hurriedly, busying herself in mending the fire, though it needed no such ministrations.

Mrs. Cornick turned over the handkerchief, refreshing herself with another polish with the reverse side of the folded slab.

"Well, I mid ha' thought 'twas nonsense if it wasn't for the 'ooman's goin's on, but to see her dressing her-

self out like that, an' handin' her books to the lad to carry, an' smiling at en! Annie says to me, says she, 'Mother,' she says, 'I shouldn't wonder a bit if Mrs. West an' Sam Strange wasn't sittin' hand i' hand durin' the sermon!'"

Having paused to allow the full effect of this dark surmise to penetrate into Tamsine's mind, the matron inquired what was going to be done about it.

"My father's comin' over next Sunday," returned Tamsine distantly; though the tidings perturbed her very much, she resented Mrs. Cornick having purveyed them. "He'll see about it."

Mrs. Cornick shook her head. "'Tis nait'ral enough for ye to feel ann'yed, my dear. 'Twas on your account your brother did come here, wasn't it? An' I'm sure I do feel pure sorry he did fall out wi' ye along o' not bein' able to agree wi' my son—but ye did choose for the best when it did come to makin' a ch'ice. 'Ees, 'twas a pity the lad did leave his father's roof."

Tamsine dropped the poker with a clatter and turned round—

"You seem to think it's my fault," she was beginning angrily, when the other cut her short with a protest.

"No, my dear, I never said no such thing. I'm only wishful to advise ye for the best. Ye see, I did always say as Sam couldn't choose a more respectable lodgin' nor Miss Strickland's—an' I do feel sorry to think 'twas on Tim's account he did leave this house; an' if your father don't come till Sunday, as like as not Sam an' Mrs. West 'ull ha' made it up to get married—an' then there'll be no forcin' him to change his mind. An' of course 'tisn't what your family 'ud wish, I shouldn't think, an' it 'ud be a pity for a boy-chap same as him to go an' tie hisself up to a 'ooman so much older—an' he'd have her old aunt to keep, too. They midn't always be able to find lodgers, an'

Miss Strickland be pretty nigh past her work as 'tis—an' o' course wi' a young fam'ly comin' there wouldn't be no rooms to let by-an'-by."

Mrs. Cornick had rambled on, still polishing her face at intervals, the necessity for this operation arising as much from stress of mind as from heat, and gazing at Tamsine with eyes full of honest perplexity. "I d' 'low Mr. Strange couldn't get over before next Sunday, could he?" she inquired in conclusion.

"Father can't get away," rejoined Tamsine, much troubled; "he can't leave his work. Mother mid come, but 'twouldn't be much use. She told me when Sam did come here as she hoped I'd be able to manage him better nor she could. Sam was gettin' above himself before he left home."

"There'd be no use in tryin' to persuade your brother to come back here, would there?" asked the old woman. Then, as Tamsine shook her head, "Well, why not get Mrs. West to come an' bide for a week an' help wi' the sewin', same as she did do a few year back."

"Get Mrs. West to come here!" faltered Tamsine aghast. "Oh, I couldn't," she added quickly—"I couldn't have her here."

"Well, I can't think whatever you've got agen the widow West," said Mrs. Cornick indignantly. "I don't say 'tis so very well done of her to carry on wi' your brother—but there, 'tis but a young 'ooman, an' I suppose 'tisn't nait'ral to expect a young 'ooman to go on frettin' for ever. She've suffered enough i' her life, that's one thing."

The girl's face changed: it was true the widow West had suffered, and now that Tamsine's own lot was bound up in David's, she felt in a manner responsible for his fault. Yet it was this fault which made the idea of Martha's company intolerable to her.

"You could get them new curtains

made up," continued Mrs. Cornick persuasively; "an' the sheets do want turnin' terrible bad."

"I don't think she'd agree," said Tamsine unwillingly.

"There'd be no harm i' tryin'," said Mrs. Cornick doggedly. "I do seem to feel my conscience troubled about it. If I'd a-let ye stop his goin' to Miss Strickland's 'twouldn't ha' happened. I do feel sorry, too, to think of his fallin' out wi' Tim. I can't but think 'twould be the savin' o' your brother to get her up here—I don't fancy he'd care about comin' here to look arter her, an' if the widow was out o' his way, he mid very well cool down afore his father do come an' be more like to hear reason. He has but jist taken up wi' the 'ooman, an' lads o' his age do pop in an' out o' love so quick as rabbits in an out o' their burrows."

Tamsine squeezed her hands together and bit her lip in the intensity of her thought. No proposition could have been more distasteful to her; yet if Mrs. Cornick's conscience was troubled on Sam's account, how much greater was her responsibility?

"I don't think she'd come now," she said slowly, for the second time.

"Well, I think 'tis your dooty to ax her," said Mrs. Cornick firmly.

"Very well," agreed the girl, with a sigh.

On the following day, when David was rubbing down the horse before going home to dinner, Tamsine came out to him in the stable.

Shepherd Cornick was attending to the wants of the pigs at no very great distance, and she therefore tuned her voice to a cautious pitch, and moreover addressed him by his fictitious name.

"Davidge, I want ye to give this note to Mrs. West from me—ye be goin' back for dinner, bain't ye?"

He took the note and turned it over, with an air of surprised annoyance;

then, after assuring himself with a hasty glance that Cornick's attention was entirely engaged by the pigs, he asked in a low voice—

"What are ye writing to her for?"

"I want her to come up here for a few days to do some sewin'. 'Tis on account o' Sam—there, 'tis too long a tale to tell now, but I want to get her out of his way for a bit. I've written to tell father he must come on Sunday."

"You're goin' to have that woman in the house wi' ye!" exclaimed he with a vehemence all the more impressive because he had perforce to speak in a low voice. "Don't do that—I can't bear the thought on it."

"'Twill be but for a few days," rejoined Tamsine with a troubled look. "I don't want Sam to get into mischief—and 'twas on my account he did come away from home."

"Well she do seem to be fair turnin' his head," said David reluctantly. "I can't make the woman out at all. I don't like ye to have nothin' to do wi' her."

"Hush, shepherd's comin' back now," murmured she. "I'll have as little to do wi' her as I can, ye may be sure."

Cornick, making a circuit so as to approach the stable-door, now peered suspiciously in—

"Haven't ye finished wi' that harse yet?" he asked sarcastically. "He isn't goin' to win a race for 'ee, ye know, so I don't see what ye want wi' polishin' so long at his coat."

"I was speaking to Davidge," said Tamsine, emerging with very pink cheeks, but assuming a lofty air. "Don't forget to give that note, Davidge," she called back over her shoulder, "and bring me the answer."

Cornick looked after her till she had entered the house, and then turned to David, who was putting on his coat, and whose expression was still one of perturbation.

"Carryin' notes, be ye?" inquired he, eyeing David sharply.

"Yes," rejoined the young man.

"I d' 'low you do think Red Beard has got no right to come interfering w' Black Beard," the shepherd went on, somewhat sheepishly.

David gave a short laugh, and his face cleared.

"'All's fair in love or war,' as I did once tell ye," he rejoined. "Next time Miss Strange has a word to say to ye while you're sarvin' pigs, or some little job o' that kind, I'll come and put in my oar."

He began to walk away, followed by the shepherd.

"An' so ye be carryin' notes for her, be ye?" repeated the latter presently.

"Yes, a note to Mrs. West."

"Ah! axing her to come here for a bit and help w' the sewin', isn't it?"

"Well, I didn't look inside," returned David, as he opened the gate.

"No, of course ye didn't look inside, but she mld ha' mentioned it. 'Tis along o' young Sam as she do want to get the widow West up here out o' the way."

"Ye seem to know a lot about it," remarked David, beginning to quicken his pace; the shepherd, however, kept up with him.

"Ah, it was my mother's notion, d'ye see?" he observed; "they do say down to Chudbury as Mrs. West an' Sam'l Strange be keepin' company. . . But of course you do know all about that, livin' in the same house."

"I'm not much in the house," returned David shortly.

Cornick, though still appearing to ruminate, accelerated his shambling strides so as to keep in step with his companion.

"Not much in the house? And ye be never at the 'Cup o' Genuine,' What in the world do ye do w' yourself of an evenin', Davidge?"

"Oh, sometimes one thing and some-

times another. I do go for a walk now and again, or I do work a bit in Miss Strickland's garden."

"Then ye must ha' seen the coortin' goin' on," said Cornick knowingly.

"Well, I turn off here," returned David, desperately. "'Tis a bit shorter for me."

The shepherd stood still and watched him as he swung over the slope between the gorse bushes, turning to pursue his own path at length with a puzzled look.

"Black Beard isn't so very well pleased w' Red Beard cuttin' shart his bit o' talk w' Tamsine," he said to himself; "and the mald did look put out too. But I d' 'low no man is called upon to stand by and see another chap stealin' a march on him. It'll not be so easy, neither, for them to get chat-tin' together if Mrs. West do come. I think for once my mother have been uncommon clever."

Martha and her aunt were already seated at table when David entered, having halted in the yard to perform his ablutions at the pump. The younger woman rose in order to set before him his own share of the meal—a kind of stew, David's plate containing meat as well as potatoes and vegetables. As he took it from her with one hand he produced the note from his pocket with the other, and pushed it across the table as she was about to reseal herself.

"What's this?" asked Martha, turning it over in surprise.

"It's from Miss Strange," rejoined David. "She said I was to bring the answer back."

Martha flushed a little as she read the note, and then smiled to herself.

"She wants me to go and stop there for a few days to do some sewing," she informed Miss Strickland.

"I'm sure I don't know however you're to do that," returned that worthy woman. "'Tis terribly uncon-

siderate. I wonder at Miss Strange thinkin' you could leave I alone with two lodgers to do for, an' such poor health as I have. Besides," she added, drawing herself up, "'twouldn't be becomin,' I don't think, for a single female to bide alone i' the house wi' two men."

David preserved an impenetrable gravity, but Martha laughed rather unkindly.

"I think that would be all right, Aunt Jane," she said, "but I don't know that I much care about going. I know very well why she wants me up there," she added significantly. "I'm not going to give in to her."

"I wouldn't, if I was you," said David, with incautious warmth. Martha turned to him instantly, a flash in her eyes, and he immediately saw his mistake.

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't see why you need go there if you don't fancy it," he returned lamely; "and it 'ud be a bit hard to leave all the work of this house to Miss Strickland."

"I'd be earning money for her, though," said she still eyeing him, "and it 'ud be a nice change."

"I do think it is onconsiderate," wailed Aunt Jane. "The few shillin's you'd earn 'ud not make up to me for the loss o' my health, Martha. You do know so well as me, as I've a-been falterin' terrible to-year, and if I'm to be expected to keep everythin' goin' inside the house an' out, an' up an' down, my constitootion 'ull never stand it."

The Times.

Pushing back her chair from the table, the poor old lady began to cry.

"I really wouldn't leave her, Mrs. West," said David earnestly. "You are all she's got—and it 'ud be easy enough to find somebody else to do the sewin' up to Strange's."

Martha shot a penetrating glance at him, and then turned to Miss Strickland.

"Now don't be foolish, Aunt Jane," she said in a decided tone; "it's only for a week, and now I've come to think it over I feel it's best for me to go. It's easy seen why Miss Strange is in such a hurry to have me up there—it's just to get me out of her brother's way; and if I don't agree she'll be sure to think it's because I don't want to leave him. 'Tis just a trap she's set for me."

"Well, you know Martha, my dear, I do think 'tis foolish of ye to take up wi' a boy like Sam Strange," returned Miss Strickland, wiping her eyes. "I'm sure I can't think what's come over ye—you what would never so much as look at a man—a real man what would ha' made ye a good husband—since poor Dick was took. Now to let folks get gossiplin' about you and thik little whipper-snapper!"

"They may gossip as much as they please," retorted Martha scornfully. "Let them mind their own business and I'll mind mine. You may tell Miss Strange I think it's very kind of her to have thought of me," she added, turning to David and uttering the words with a bitter smile, "and that I will come—to-morrow morning."

(To be continued.)

THE GIRL GRADUATE IN FICTION.

As fiction is to a certain extent the mirror of modern life, and especially of its more salient features, the inroad of the girl graduate was inevitable. The heroine of the old-fashioned novel had only two conditions to fulfil: she had to be beautiful and she was doomed to suffer. She was for the most part the innocent and pathetic plaything of forces, which were sometimes cruel and sometimes kind, but over which it never occurred to any one that she could exercise any sort of control. Modern fiction, like modern life has changed all that, and the heroine of to-day takes an active share in the making or marring of her fortunes. At first her efforts were very tentative; gradually she developed a will of her own with regard to dress, entertainments, and even the choice of a husband. It took a very independent young woman to leave the beaten track altogether, prefer books to balls, and years of study to the opportunities of an early marriage. From the point of view of the novelist this character has possibilities not to be despised, and the girl graduate became a heroine of romance, both during her college career and in the more difficult school of life.

The residential colleges contain, as we know, several hundred young women who are living through what the majority afterwards describe as the three happiest years of their life. Stirring years in which the first sweets of liberty are tasted, eventful years when everything depends, or seems to depend, on their own efforts and energies. Here then is a fair field for the story-teller. We should expect as many good stories as there are types of college girl, and there are many types. We all know the athletic girl, who appears at first sight to be rather a nice

boy, but on closer inspection turns out a thoughtful girl, and can even, when occasion demands, prove herself a woman. Then there is the enthusiast who sums up in her single self the entire progress of woman since the Flood. This student is always on her mettle—pathetically eager to show what can be achieved by her sex and college. Another type is the competent young woman, full of aggressive common-sense, and with critical faculty well developed. And there is the general run with its mixture of grave and gay, earnest and sportive, careless and painstaking, rich and poor, pretty and plain, and every other set of antitheses which the reader may like to imagine. With all this material, and the hundred and one chances and changes of college life, we should expect tales which would leave no father safe from the importunities of Mabel or Edith, who have read Miss X's novel and wish to be sent to Girton forthwith.

But the stories are frankly disappointing; we have not seen one of even passing interest, or met a single heroine worth remembering. The writers have taken a good deal of trouble with their local color, they have faithfully and minutely described interiors and exteriors, buildings, gardens, and even college gateways. We read of the arrival of five separate Newnham freshers, with almost identical descriptions of their first impressions and disillusionings. We have five descriptions of the Newnham student's room, with a fire laid but not lit, the bed so arranged as to simulate a sofa, and the general bareness which brings tears to the unfortunate fresher's eyes. We know exactly after the first description how a girl from along the corridor will presently call and offer consolation in the form

of tea or cocoa, together with much good advice and patronizing information.

But while the writers are at great pains to describe the college dining-hall, they have almost entirely missed the spirit of the place. With the exception of two novels, which do indeed place a somewhat severe strain on the imagination, the stories are quite probable, though not in the least characteristic. The exceptions, which need hardly be taken seriously, are the productions of that amazing writer who goes by the name of Alan St. Aubyn. This poor lady would seem to have some private grief to avenge, some deep and painful wound, whose pangs she can only assuage by the periodical pouring of vitriol over her defenceless characters. She is not in any way hampered in her narratives by the ordinary limits of probability; in the *Master of St Benedict's* for instance, the heroine repairs quite naturally to her lover's rooms at Trinity there to nurse him through an attack of delirium tremens. The young women who figure in these novels are without exception mean and vulgar-minded—all their actions are dictated by the lowest possible motives. The writer loses no opportunity of dealing blows, straight or crooked, of heaping insults, direct or implied, at the unfortunate college which she describes. But it is only fair to add that she is probably not intentionally quite so damaging as would appear. For her heroine in the *Ordeal of Sara* is by far the most odious character in the book, and yet the writer loves Sara, who is quite unlike a Newnham student, real or imaginary.

But it is doubtful if the women's colleges have much more reason to be grateful to the friends who laud them with obvious exaggeration, or damn them with tepid praise. A *Sweet Girl Graduate*, by L. T. Meade is above all things well-meaning; the young women

are drawn with much sympathy, and the nice ones among them make up in amiability for what they lack in verisimilitude. There are no lights and shades—all are either very nice or very nasty, and they resemble real students much as Alan St. Aubyn's young Greek gods, with their inevitable delirium tremens, resemble live undergraduates. We have something more akin to the genuine article in *In Statu Pupillari*, a novel recently published anonymously and hailed in various quarters as an excellent description of life in a woman's college. This story occupies an intermediate place between the hostile and the sympathetic variety of treatment. It argues no malice—only a rather mean little desire to depict the weaknesses of the women students. The writer knows all about it—her local color is good, and the college gossip sounds to the uninitiated, quite probable. There is a description of a cocoa party with a conversation (no doubt intended to reveal to the world exactly how women students talk) in which the girls discourse on love, and speculate as to how many among them cherish a secret passion for their coaches. In reality they would have been discussing the hockey team if they felt happy, or the Tripos if they felt sad, or they would have been chaffing each other all round with the latest college joke. But the reader probably prefers love to such puerilities, and so the writer humors him. The students are not convincing, and one misses throughout that generosity and public spirit, which are real and characteristic features of college life. It is of course not impossible that Miss Watson might "sob herself to sleep because her triumph had been so utterly swallowed up in Miss Wriothesley's." She might also "writhe in her little narrow bed, cursing her fate and crying 'Oh! God, why did you make me ugly?'" But it is much more likely if

she were a real college girl, that she would help to chair Miss Wriothsesley round the college, and shout herself hoarse in her applause. And certainly, the pathos of her looks would not keep her awake on the night after the Tripos lists had placed her among the coveted First Classes.

The author of *A Newnham Friendship* has succeeded better in rendering something of the spirit of the place, but she has unfortunately fallen into the snare of over-description. She knows her subject and loves it—loves it so well indeed that she cannot bear to part with any of it, and loses herself in an endless multiplicity of detail. No little incident, no girlish conversation is too trivial to be recorded. She is for ever putting her favorites through their paces for our benefit, and gushing over them until we grow weary of their surpassing beauty and their evidently indescribable charm.

And one and all these writers are convinced that a strong admixture of love interest is essential to the success of their tale. So that some young men who are clearly intended to be very manly, athletes and brilliant scholars, *cela va sans dire*, are generally introduced to complete the picture. And this adds the last touch of incongruity to the description. For whatever our heroines may be, whether potential mothers of families or high-school mistresses in the making, they are at any rate quite unromantically occupied during these three years of college life. Books and games, not love and marriage, are the order of the day. And books and games are quite wholesome ingredients for the daily life of youth, but very poor material for fiction. There are, of course, always possibilities among coaches, and we have it on trustworthy evidence that even undergraduates may be possessed of irresistible charm. But these are side issues; from the point of view of romance the

ground is not fertile, and the ploughing, whether undertaken in malice or good faith yields but a sorry crop.

The writer who takes the after-career of the graduate for his theme has a wider and more fruitful field. The college story ought to provide healthy and interesting reading for the *jeune fille*, the other offers possibilities for the treatment of problems of a wider and deeper interest. We should expect to find among modern novels the tragedy of some woman who had preferred books to love, and found books barren in the end. We should be prepared to sympathize with the woman whose intellectual interests were engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the dictates of her heart. Something of this problem, indeed, we meet in *A Girton Girl*, by Mrs. Edwardes, one of the earliest novels that claimed to deal with the subject. But the "girl" does not live up to her title, for she never reaches Girton at all. She had counted without the fatal charm of the hero, whose first kiss solves the problem for her, and reveals her "a very woman after all."

One of the earliest products of the Higher Education to be met in fiction is Angela Messenger, the charming heroine of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. Angela is introduced to us strolling by the river with her friend, to whom she is confiding her views on life in general and her own future in particular. The friend is no doubt intended to represent the typical student. For her the world has no interest. Mathematics and the welfare of the Higher Education of women jointly hold exclusive possession of her soul. She yearns to wrest not only academic honors, but the very buildings of the men's most ancient foundations from the rival sex. For the rest, she is pale, spectacted and unbending, and admirably adapted to serve as a foil to the charming heroine. There is no

denying that Angela is a very nice young woman, but we have an uncomfortable suspicion that it is against great odds and in spite of her college training that her maker allows her to keep her charm. She herself sums up Newnham and its limitations with scant courtesy, and pours contempt on the studies with which her college career had been chiefly occupied. Indeed, we suspect that her maker's sole object in sending her to Newnham was to enable her to pursue the study of Political Economy, in order that she might denounce it afterwards with full effect. For Angela is his chosen instrument for the annihilation of the "dismal science," and it was necessary, therefore, that she should have had special training in its specious fallacies. Such training, in the days when the London School of Economics and the provincial Universities were still unborn, could only be obtained in Cambridge. So Angela, we conclude with regret, cannot be claimed as anything more than an accidental product of the Higher Education.

Miss Cayley, a later product, is, we venture to believe, no longer purely accidental. Her author does not treat her with anything like the seriousness which Sir Walter Besant devotes to his heroine; but then Lois Cayley was created not to point a moral, but merely to adorn a tale. She is a surprisingly efficient young woman, whose briskness, courage and resource almost take our breath away. As she adds to these qualities good looks, honesty and every sort of virtue, the college which produced her has every reason to be grateful to Mr. Grant Allen. Still we fear that even Lois Cayley was not intended to represent a type, or at best only an exceptional one. Like Angela Messenger she has a friend, a pale spectacled friend, devoted to the teaching of the higher mathematics, who is presumably intended to typify the Gir-

ton student. Lois, we may suppose, represents the product of college training working on very favorable, original material. True, she has all the vigor and independence of spirit of the college girl. But she looks with some contempt on the avocations of her colleagues, and nothing could be further from her thoughts than any wish to put her education to the traditional use. We have no reason, therefore, to suppose that the writer intended to give more than a modicum of credit to Girton for Miss Cayley's successful career.

The boldest and at the same time, the most sympathetic sketch of a college graduate is Mr. Bernard Shaw's Vivie Warren. "She is an attractive specimen of the sensible, able, highly educated young middle-class Englishwoman." As she was Third Wrangler in her year, we feel that the Mathematical Tripos is avenged, and the reputation of Newnham redeemed. Vivie Warren sums up in her own personality the entire spirit of the higher education on its material side. She represents much more besides, and there are tendencies in her for which her parentage is obviously responsible. She is keen, clever and capable, straightforward and direct to bluntness, endowed with a quantity of good sense and a quality of penetration which are truly alarming. She is plucky, alert and honest, absolutely selfish and a materialist to the finger tips. In this last respect she typifies not the higher education so much as the modern spirit. She hates holidays, this candid young person; she cares nothing for beauty and romance; art and music she has tried and would not go through the experience again for anything that could be offered to her. What she likes is working and getting paid for it. "I must work," she tells us, "and I must make more money than I spend," the "must" re-

ferring purely to a necessity of her mind. This characteristic she inherits from her mother, but she is an honest woman while the mother is a blackguard, she deals in nothing more harmful than figures and calculations while her mother trafficked in human lives. Very characteristic is the young woman's determination to choose her own way of life at any cost. For love she naturally finds no time in her busy scheme of existence, and the question of work versus marriage does not present for her even the rudiments of a problem. She expresses herself unambiguously on this point—"Now once for all mother, you want a daughter and Frank wants a wife. I don't want a mother and I don't want a husband." But in fairness to Vivie it must be remembered that she was prepared to stand by her mother staunchly enough while she thought that it was only on account of a regrettable and perhaps regretted past that Pharisees pointed the finger of scorn. It was only when she discovered that the past had its continuation in the present, that the wealth which she was invited to share was being produced by the foulest methods conceivable, that she decided to rupture relations and launched the unfilial ultimatum which we have quoted. Vivie's fortitude throughout the very nasty experiences which she undergoes commands our admiration, and we hope that in her independence and the coveted office in Chancery Lane, she may find something to compensate for the bitter taste which the revelations of those summer days must have left

The National Review.

with her. She has made good her claim to the title of *Vierge forte*, and she stands almost alone in English fiction in that character.

It is curious that with all the material at our disposal we have not as yet treated the problem on a large scale and in a serious manner. It is even more curious that this should have been done in a country where the material hardly existed and the problem was barely foreshadowed. In *Frédérique*, and *Léa*, *Les Vierges Fortes*, the author had to imagine a set of circumstances foreign to his national experience, and was obliged even to invent a college in which his heroines might graduate. To be trained in public spirit, to learn the meaning of freedom and the uses of economic independence he sent them to England. With Monsieur Prévost's treatment of the problem, and with his conclusions we are not here concerned, but there is no doubt that he depicted the character of his heroines—their weakness as well as their strength, their defects as well as their qualities, the spirit which animated and the ideals which inspired them, with extraordinary penetration and remarkable sympathy. And yet in this country, where all the conditions are favorable, where freedom requires no apology and the serious treatment of any question can always command a hearing—in this country where women's colleges have existed for more than forty years, the *vierge forte* who is the natural development of the strongest type of girl graduate, is still waiting for her exponent.

H. Reinherz.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF CHESS.

Lost in the dim distances of the long-forgotten past, the history of the origin of chess—the most ancient of all games, beloved alike by king and peasant—has formed the theme of many learned writers.

Historical research on this subject has been carried out by savants of all ages and nationalities, both Western and Eastern; but in spite of the most strenuous endeavor, up to the present moment, the exact manner in which this game came into existence is buried in complete oblivion. Nor is it likely that successive ages will be any more successful in elucidating this problem than present or past generations. This is all the more remarkable considering the world-wide ubiquity of the game. Chess, with the very slightest alteration in its form, is known throughout the length and breadth of the world—civilized or uncivilized.

The balance of evidence tends to show that chess is Indian in origin. The ordinary Hindustani word in use for chess is "shatrang," which in reality is a Persian word but which is in colloquial use throughout India. The word "chess" is a mere corruption of "shatrang." But "shatrang" itself is derived from a still more ancient Sanscrit word—"chaturanga."

We are thus led to the belief that, although the chess of mediæval and modern Europe was undoubtedly derived from Arabic or Persian sources, yet India was the real cradle in which the game was nurtured. The words "check" and "mate," mere phonetic equivalents of the Persian words "Shah"—a king, and "mat"—he is dead—the king is dead—are conclusive proof of the Persian origin of the game so far as its introduction into Western countries is concerned.

Interesting, however, as the philology of chess may be, the history of the game itself, and of the different pieces of which it is composed, is of still greater interest, for its own intrinsic value as well as for the study of contemporary constitutional and military history which is thus afforded.

Up to about the ninth century of the Christian era by far the largest part of the population of India adhered to the Buddhist religion. The recent event of the finding of the crystal casket, containing certain bones of Gautama the Buddha, in the Peshawur district, incidentally emphasizes this fact; an event of considerable historical importance, which may have been passed unnoticed, except by those in close touch with the most recent archaeological discoveries in India.

The ancient Buddhist faith positively forbade the shedding of blood; and, indeed, predicted a far severer punishment in the world to come to the soldier than to the murderer. The ancient Pundits reasoned that a murderer, generally, would only slay under the impulse of the moment or under some sudden provocation; but that the soldier went out to battle with the fixed intention of slaying: he killed in cold blood—and was guilty of the greater crime in consequence.

But at the same time, the cravings of human nature for strife—that bump of pugnacity which is marked to a greater or less extent on the cranium of every member of the human race—was not overlooked; and of all the theories which have been advanced as to the origin of chess, for it must be remembered that the exact origin is quite unknown, the most plausible appears to be that the ancient Buddhist priests invented the game of chess, so that the natural fighting instinct of

mankind might find an outlet without transgressing the Buddhistic commandment, which prohibited fighting.

In the light of the early history of India, which, in the main, is one long procession of invasion, rapine and murder, this theory may seem fantastic; but it must be remembered that the Buddhist priests were wont to shut themselves off completely from the world in some secluded spot in their endeavors to follow the rigid teachings of their founder; and it is by no means impossible that, finding the fundamental fighting instinct of humanity was an almost insuperable barrier to their inner strivings, these priests attempted a solution of the problem by the invention of the game of chess.

In attempting to unravel the history of chess it is a most unfortunate fact that the climate of India is an unfavorable one for the preservation of ancient manuscripts. Old manuscripts seldom lasted more than four hundred years. For this reason copies had to be made in order that the ancient writings might be preserved.

Two grave sources of error are thus opened out—inaccurate copying in the various transcriptions, and interpolation by the scribe; the latter personage was often no doubt himself a young Pundit, who would be naturally wishful to put forward his own views. These reasons, in themselves, are sufficient to account for the obscurity of the origin of the game; and for these same reasons it is highly probable that this origin always will remain hidden, even from the most learned and energetic worker of any subsequent generation.

It might be mentioned in passing that the Hindustani and Sanscrit word "chaturanga" is used to mean "chess" in the most ancient MSS. extant. This is an additional fact going to show the probable Indian origin of the game.

So far as it is possible to rely on

ancient MSS. the game has always been played with sixteen pieces; and although the movements and even the names of the different pieces have varied considerably in the course of the last ten centuries—particularly about the fifteenth century—yet in its main essentials the game as now played is the same as it was in the days of long ago.

It is very doubtful whether the original chess was a four-handed game, played with dice, as some have supposed. The essence of the game clearly points to a military origin, where chance would be eliminated and where the natural sequence of events, the result of worldly experience, would produce two rather than four battling hosts. Apart from this, the confusion which would result from four independent sets of chessmen playing on the same chess-board would be almost inextricable, while the evidence furnished by the names of the pieces points to the same conclusion. The fact that the movements of the pieces in the earliest days of chess were not the same as they are now would not alter this conclusion. Throughout all time these moves have not greatly varied.

The chess-board is most certainly the same, though it was not until the sixteenth century or thereabouts that the surface was chequered black and white.

The king, the most important piece on the board, round whom the whole game centres, was said to be subject to capture; but under these conditions the method of conducting the game is not quite clear, because in modern chess the capture of the king terminates the game. Possibly all pieces and pawns had to be captured before the game was finally won. At this early period the king could make three moves at a time in any direction, and in addition could make a knight's move in order to

avoid capture. He was, indeed, the most powerful piece on the board, for at the same period of history the queen, or rather the piece which corresponded to the present queen, could only move one square at a time in a diagonal direction. Castling is, comparatively speaking, a modern innovation, and serves perhaps to exemplify trickiness in war. It replaced the king's knight's move.

The history of chess appears to have followed the constitutional history of India with some exactitude as regards the development and powers of the various pieces. The word "queen," it should be remembered, is somewhat of a misnomer; the original word was "firz," or "farz," which means a "councillor" or "generalissimo" of the male sex.

In many Indian States—Nepaul is a good example at the present moment—the real power lies in the hands of the Prime Minister, who is also, in the particular instance cited, the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. It might seem possible that as the real power slowly slipped from the hands of the ruling monarch himself, and became vested gradually in the Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief—a position which, curiously enough, is hereditary in some cases—the game of chess was altered to meet these altered circumstances. Thus the king, stripped of most of his offensive power, still remains the most important person, whose capture terminates the game; but in his fighting capacity he no longer exists on the board, the whole of his powers being handed over to his chief adviser.

The reason why the "firz" should have developed into a female in modern chess is an interesting study in comparative history. Certain it is that in no country in the world do women occupy such an inferior position in every-day life as in India. They are child-bearers and nothing else. It

is impossible to think that this change can have been Indian in origin. The most feasible explanation, and the one which will bear the closest examination, is the following: The word "firz," or "farz," became corrupted as the game spread westwards, and became *firzia*, or "farzia." Various similar forms are to be found in mediaeval MSS. The game of draughts is also very old; perhaps the Greek *παισσι* are the direct lineal ancestors of the present game. The game of draughts was well known in Europe, particularly in France, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in its method of play did not differ materially from the game as at present played.

The French word for a draught is a "dame." In common English, however, "draughtsman" and not "draughtswoman" is the word in general use. In draughts, when a "dame" reaches the eighth square, she becomes a queen or king. In exactly the same way when a pawn in chess reaches the opponent's side of the board, it becomes a "farz," or "farzia." The femininity of the most powerful piece on the board can be accounted for by the close resemblance of the two games in this particular. Indeed, old MSS. are extant in which the words "regina" and "ferzia" are used indiscriminately, meaning a "queen." This fact practically confirms the curious confusion of origin. It may be that the intellectual coterie of some bygone age intended a delicate compliment to a great militant queen by the alteration to the sex of the king's chief adviser in the great military game of chess. Some indeed might say that, at the present day, such a compliment would not be out of place—due, however, to the ephemeral glory of those Amazons, the Suffragettes. Some authorities have it that the queen derived her great power from a similar analogy to the game of draughts.

But the history of the other pieces, except, perhaps, the knights, is not so clear. The two knights are obviously the horsemen of the contending hosts. Horses are to be found all over the East. But the meaning of the "two hops and a jump" move by which these mounted warriors career over the board is obscure. It may be conjectured that, after the castle and the bishop had been assigned their moves (in the early days these two pieces could only move two steps at a time either straight up and down the board or diagonally across it), which have been of the same type throughout all the successive centuries, some different move had to be found for these horsemen. As a result the fertile brain of the inventor conceived the strange move which is a stumbling-block to so many beginners. The fact that in the earliest days neither queen, bishop, nor castle could sweep the board in the same manner as they do at present must not be forgotten in the search for the origin of the quaint knight's move.

The pawn is the common foot-soldier; as first arranged, a pawn could only make one move at a time, straight forward, even for his first move. The reason for the double step which a pawn can make at will when moving from off his own square is probably to be found in the fact that the game was thus opened up more quickly. The word "pawn" is identical with the common Hindustani "peon," or private policeman.

The bishop is a most interesting piece. The Arabic word which represents a "bishop" is "Alfil"—otherwise Aleph-hind, the Indian ox. But the Arabic alphabet lacks the letter "p." As a consequence the Persian word "pil"—an elephant, became "Alfil," or "fil" as, it is sometimes written in Arabic.

Elephants are to be found all over India, and undoubtedly formed a part

of the fighting line in battle, as Carthaginian history clearly indicates. Also elephants do take the place of bishops in some Indian sets of chessmen, and the writer has himself played with such a set.

Oxen have never, probably, found a place in the line of battle, though they would be common enough in the commissariat department of the armies of old. If the Hindustani word "Aleph-hind" is to be accepted as only meaning an "ox," a difficulty arises as to the Indian origin of the piece as well as of the game itself. The word may have meant any large beast, and possibly bore a special significance when used in connection with the game of chess. The elephant origin certainly appears the most probable. Bishops could only make two steps at a time along their diagonals, but, like the knight, could jump over the intervening piece. The curious result followed that two opposing bishops of like color moving on the same diagonal could never attack one another.

It was not until the sixteenth century that such revolutionary changes in the movements of the king, queen, bishop, and, in fact, of all the pieces, except the knight, were adopted, as exemplified in the present condition of the game.

The bishops may be of French origin. In the early days the fighting bishops, crusaders and other fighting religious devotees, formed one of the most important elements in any army, and doubtless were incorporated in the game of war, when elephants were no longer used in battle; and possibly as a compliment to the fighting prowess of the ancient religious fighting orders.

The rook or castle is a very doubtful quantity. The earliest parchments refer to this piece as a "rukh," a Persian word meaning a "knight commander"—a superior kind of person to the ordinary knight—but as the balance of probability indicates an Indian

origin for both the game itself and the men, this derivation should be received with some caution.

If ancient history can be taken as a criterion—which certainly appears a justifiable course—the rook might have degenerated from the war chariot. This deduction is strengthened by the writer's experience in Rangoon, related below. Chariots were quite usual as weapons of warfare in all countries of the world, and although they died out before the power of Rome reached its zenith, yet Italy, Greece and Asia Minor would not be such favorable countries for the use of a vehicle of this description in warfare as the flat plains of India. A very long period is thus left—much longer than in the case of all the other pieces—for the action of confusing influences to baffle the efforts of subsequent inquiries in their historical research. One of the most ancient Sanscrit manuscripts alludes to the four great divisions of a fighting army as horse, foot, elephants and chariots; and, additionally, the Sanscrit word for a chariot is "ratha." Thus the four great elements in chess—knights, pawns, bishops and castles—would correspond to these four ancient types. Possibly "ratha" and "rukh" are allied.

The move of the castle, which has been the same throughout all history, points to the same conclusion. Ancient chariots had no traces; the horses were only attached to the central pole. As a consequence there must have been a great deal of difficulty in wheeling them, especially in the mad excitement of battle, when the animals would be more difficult to control. May it not be that the straightforward motion of the chariot is reflected in the direct motion of the castle of the present day in its solid swoop up and down or across the board?

Perhaps the modern castellated form is also derived from the French, a

change rendered desirable to suit the altered conditions of warfare. It is a pity, however, that in the military game of chess, where every piece possesses both an offensive and defensive power, due to the particular moves assigned to each, a stationary object, such as a castle, should have formed the image upon which to model the original "rulik" or the still earlier chariot. An explanation may be found in the confusion which would arise should both rook and knight be represented as horsemen on the same board. It would be difficult to differentiate one from the other; but if this were the case, it is a still greater pity that the chariot form did not re-appear in substitute so as to preserve the ancient origin of the game.

Some authorities have it that the rook or castle of to-day is the elephant of the chatauranga of long ago; and that the castellated form is due to the howdah, adorning the elephant's back, the elephant itself having disappeared. Against this, however, the etymology of the word rook must be set, which is undoubtedly the equivalent of the Sanscrit Ratha = chariot.

A short time ago the writer had a curious experience in one of the by-streets of Rangoon, which, so far as it went, confirmed the "chariot" theory of the castle. Quite by chance he stopped before a native shop and, to his surprise, saw a dozen men—all natives, but of every nationality—seated round a chess-board. Out of curiosity he stepped within, and was promptly made most welcome—an unusual experience after the bazaars of India. He sat down and watched the game in progress for a few minutes, but it was the chessmen themselves which attracted his attention particularly.

Made of ivory and teak, these old men were battered and broken almost beyond belief, but the original form could still be distinguished in spite of great

disfigurement. The bishops were quite obviously elephants; but the knights, king and queen had nothing remarkable about them. It was the castles which struck the eye at once. They appeared like a small three-sided box with sloping sides, mounted on stands of a much later date than the "box" structure itself. The fourth side of the box was non-existent altogether; but the chariot form was suggested by this appearance.

So battered and broken were they that it was not possible to be positive. *The Contemporary Review.*

tively sure, and in such circumstances no close examination of the pieces could be made.

Most unfortunately no further opportunity presented itself to examine this ancient set of men, which was a matter of great regret to the writer.

The aeroplane and machine gun of the future may, some time, replace the bishop and rook of to-day; but the past history of this most delightful of all games, is, it is to be feared, lost in the mists of time.

O. Paul Monckton.

CHARLIE OVER THE WATER.

BY JANE H. FINDLATER.

VI.

You would have thought that nothing could have put strength enough into the Widow's poor old limbs to rise from her sick-bed and start off once again on the "terrible long road" for home. Yet with the hope of home came the strength to try to reach it.

In vain Charlie protested against the proposed journey, using every argument he knew to make his mother stay with him. She would only make one reply: "I'm wanting home, Charlie; I cannot be staying, I wouldn't be resting in the strange earth." It seemed natural enough to Charlie, after all—too well he understood her feeling, though he tried to argue it down. A little desolate graveyard stood on a bit of rising ground half-way to Cypress Creek. Wooden crosses marked the graves in this stoneless land for a few years' time; then they fell to pieces and were never replaced. Many a time had Charlie shuddered as he passed the place, fearing some day to be laid in that alien earth, under the blinding sun, in a forgotten grave. The Celtic strain of ineradicable superstition was strong within him; like his mother, he

feared he could not rest there—that his uneasy ghost would somehow have to recross the ocean to "walk" for ever round the dear home of his childhood. "I won't be hindering you, mother," he said at last. "Maybe you're right."

Charlie's wife was palpably delighted to be getting rid of her mother-in-law, though in her husband's presence she begged her to make a longer stay. But the Widow was all impatience to be off. She seemed filled with a feverish strength, and declared herself quite ready to start whenever Hector was willing to do so.

It was with a heavy heart that the poor lad saw that there was no escape from the path of renunciation, and realized what it meant for him.

In a fortnight's time, or thereabouts, he would be back again on the Island, with only the croft to work, the cow to herd, and with the long idle winter opening out before him with its dismaying vista of emptiness. All one night Hector lay awake in an agony of despair. At one moment he thought of begging Charlie to take his mother home, and let him stay to work the

place in his absence. But he quickly realized that a travelling companion was not all that the Widow needed; she could never be left alone in her old age with no one to work the croft or look after her, and Charlie could not stay with her always. Then another possible loophole of escape suggested itself: would there be enough of money to take them home again? The fifty pounds had dwindled down amazingly. But this hope was quickly extinguished.

"I'll be paying for anything extra, Hector," Charlie said. "And, mind, you must take her home comfortably—she's not fit for much now."

Hector felt ashamed to feel his own disappointment at these words. Every day that their departure was put off the Widow became more impatient; she was like a child clamoring for something.

"When will you be starting, Hector?" she would say each morning; and always there would be some unthought-of preparation to be made. . . .

Charlie, of course, proposed to write to the mythical Mrs. MacDonald who had so unaccountably failed to meet them on their arrival in New York; but Hector, with a bright blush that was inexplicable to his relation, said they would prefer to be met there this time by Mrs. Koster: he would write himself about it, he added.

This caused a week's delay; then a note, written on pink paper, arrived to Hector one morning. It seemed to please him mightily, though he only said in an off-hand manner that Mrs. Koster would be kind enough to put them up for a few nights before they sailed.

This matter being arranged, there remained no other pretext for delay, so the 17th October was settled for the homeward start. On the last evening Hector left the Widow sitting with Charlie, and went out alone into the

warm autumn night. He sauntered along the fields to the edge of the clearing and sat on the fence to rest. The frogs were chanting in the swamps with their curious solemn note, and away across the clearing in one of the negro cabins someone thrummed on a little stringed instrument. Then the soft negro voices began to sing in chorus. Hector knew by this time the pensive old words that they were singing; but to-night they seemed to bear another meaning to him:

Swing low, swing low, sweet char-lot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

He rose impatiently and walked away; but the plaintive chorus of the hymn carried far in the quiet night—he could not escape from it. The negroes were singing it over and over again:

Comin' for to carry me home.

Charlie came as far as Memphis with them, and there bade them good-bye. He tried hard not to let it be a sad farewell, because, said he, perhaps he might be coming across the water himself next year. What would his mother say to that?

They kept holding on to this hope all the way to Memphis, speaking of it as almost a settled thing, even planning how the Widow was to drive down to Balneish in the Mathesons' cart to meet him on that blessed day when he should return to the Island. But when the moment for parting came, Hope dwindled down into a mere phantom; and Separation and Distance, Age and Death, took on shapes of horrible actuality. Would they ever really meet again face to face? It seemed unlikely; she so old, he so bound to his new home by a hundred ties.

When the bitter moment had come and gone—when she had looked her last at Charlie and given him her blessing—the Widow, to Hector's sur-

prise, seemed wonderfully sustained by something. He discovered a few minutes later what it was. "Charlie will never have heard from me, Hector, that the wife did not make me welcome," she said proudly as she wiped her eyes.

As you may have seen a tired horse suddenly mend its pace when turned in the direction of home, so the Widow scarcely noted now the leagues of land and sea that had still to be gone over, for was not every hour bringing her nearer home?

She fared better on this journey than on her first, for had not Charlie insisted that she should travel in a sleeping-car like any lady? So the long night was passed in slumber, and the next day though wearisome was comfortable; and then, lo, they were in New York again, being greeted by Mrs. Koster and Cassie! It was Hector, however, who managed everything this time; or rather, an altogether different Hector from the one who had arrived in New York six months before. The change did not escape Mrs. Koster's eye.

"My! ain't he smartened up?" she said admiringly. "Well, I'll say this for the States, if there's one thing they *can* do it's to make men look alive."

Cassie, too, was watching her Highland Nobleman with ill-concealed admiration; noting his added inches, as well as his added alertness of speech and manner, and his look of being able to take care of himself. But, with all this Hector could not be said to be looking happy; he was very silent, and scarcely brightened up even under the sunshine of Cassie's smiles.

"I know what it is," Mrs. Koster told her husband, when their guests were disposed of for the night; "I know what it is—he don't want to go home, poor lad, that's what it is; and no wonder either—just stepping into his grave before the time, I call it."

Koster agreed with her most heartily: "A real smart man we'd make of him here; pity he can't stay this side."

But Hector, with the dignity and reserve which characterizes the Highland nature, asked no pity from anyone. Whenever the Kosters tried to find out what he felt about going home he shut up like a trap.

"I'm hoping to come back some day," was all they got him to admit. Neither would he delay their sailing any longer than could possibly be helped.

"Mother's wishing to get home," he said. "It's not for me to put if off."

In vain Cassie tried her most seductive wiles: Hector would not be beguiled. Only on the night before they were to sail for Scotland he found an opportunity to beg Cassie to write to him.

"The winter's terrible long on the Island," burst from his reluctant lips, "terrible long and dull."

"Oh, I'll send you a picture post-card now and again," Cassie said gaily; "and if you could just kindly send me the same, it would be nice—I'd add them to my collection."

"I'll remember," Hector assured her.

The sea was like a mill-pond all the way across. Even the Widow could not feel uncomfortable, and used to walk daily up and down the decks on her grandson's arm, while every day her face looked happier and her step grew stronger. Her talk was all of home.

"Och, Hector! how will we be finding the cow? I'm thinking she'll be glad to be back to the old byre! And will the hens be knowing me again? I wonder is Chuckle, that had the broken leg, still going? She was a fine bird"—and so on and so on. Hector then told her that by Mrs. Koster's suggestion he meant to take her to see

an eye-doctor in Glasgow. "It's not blind she is, it's only spectacles she's needing," Mrs. Koster had said. The Widow would not believe this; she had tried on John Matheson's spectacles two years past, and didn't they just make the sight worse? Oh no! it was the old eyes were gone these ten years and more. However, it made an excellent subject of conversation, and Hector was glad to have it. He had some difficulty in persuading his grandmother to consent to the extra day's delay it would entail; she was counting the hours now till they could reach the Island—if she could have entered on such a calculation she would have counted the minutes also.

So the ocean was crossed again; the low green shores of Ireland came in sight, and home was nearly reached at last. The Widow wept with joy as the ship came into the dock.

"Is it true, Hector, or is it dreaming I am?" she cried.

But Uncle Neil's hearty greeting had nothing dream-like about it certainly:

"So yer back already to auld Scotland! Ye've no' made a long stay. Welcome hame to ye baith—there's nae place like hame, the song says!"

Alas! Hector could have cursed the song for its falsity to his own case; but he tried to affect good-humor and to join in the jocularities of his relative—he was not going to be a kill-joy, and above everything he refused to be pitied.

All the next day he went about cheerfully, and no one guessed at the fox that was gnawing his vitals.

The Widow, with many protestations, was taken to the eye-doctor in the afternoon. Hector stood beside her as the spectacles were one by one placed upon her nose. Each time she would shake her head and groan, and exclaim that it was blind she was, what was the gentleman troubling with her for? But all at once she gave a

cry of joy and held out her hands to her grandson.

"Och, Hector, I'm seeing you as clear as the day!" she cried. "And you're grown to be a man altogether!" It was a wonderful moment indeed, and Hector laughed with pleasure to see her gazing round and round the room in the sudden possession of her sight again. This miracle of healing came as a boon to Hector, for the Widow was so full of her recovered vision all the evening that she could think and talk of nothing else, and her garrulity made his silence less noticed. Next morning they were to start again for the Island, and Hector was as impatient now as his grandmother—on the sound principle that if one has a disagreeable thing to do the sooner it is done the better.

"Yer a wee thing glum, Hector," Uncle Neil said jocosely. "Ye've maybe left yer hairt in Ameriky."

"Maybe," Hector retorted laconically, with no answering smile.

A day and a night—and the next day as evening fell the steamer came in to the quay at Balneish.

They were almost the only passengers, for the tourist season was over. The little quay was empty, except for a cart and a man with it. In the dusk a light or two twinkled in the windows at Balneish. Everything was very still.

"There's John Matheson, mother, with the cart!" Hector cried; "he will have come for you and the box."

The Widow gazed through the grand new spectacles at the well-known outlines of the Island, pointing out each house and naming its owner—if the light had not failed she could have named each horse and cow, I believe. Hector sprang down the gangway and held out his hand to help her across it; a moment more and she stood again on the dear shores of home

—shaken with excitement, and worn with the fatigues of her long journeying, but oh, at home once more!

The kindly dusk hid her tears—her foolish tears of joy—as the cart rumbled along the stony road to the croft . . . and John Matheson in the meantime was pouring out microscopic bits of so-called news to Hector—all that had happened at Balnesh in the six months since they had left the Island: Rob MacLeod's cow had choked on a turnip in the summer; and Hamish MacLeod, he was bad with the asthma, but his daughter Jessie, she that's in Glasgow, was after sending him a bottle to take—oh, it was grand stuff, and helped him at times. There had been good crops; yes, just fairish good of the hay; there was a boat got washed away from the pier in September, and John Farquharson's horse had gone lame in the right knee. . . . Hector listened and responded to it all, feeling exactly as if he had wakened from a dream of extraordinary vividness. Was it true that they had ever crossed the sea and seen Charlie? . . . All manner of funny scenes crowded into his memory, and here was Matheson droning away about a horse with a lame leg, and a cow that had choked on a turnip!

The cart stopped: they had reached the path up to the cottage. It was dark now, and Hector had to help the Widow up the rough bit of ground—she stumbled and would have fallen if his arm had not held her up.

"Och, Hector! it's old and useless I am," she said.

In spite of the fact that the door-key had been all this time in the Widow's pocket, the Mathesons had effected an entrance to the cottage somehow, and sorted it up for the return of its own-

ers. A big peat-fire burned on the hearth, and a table stood spread by the fire. All this they saw through the window, and then, producing the key, they solemnly turned it in the rusty lock and stepped across the threshold. ("God forgive me," Hector thought; "I was never meaning her to come back!")

Surely that moment of home-coming compensated the Widow for many a weary hour. She sank down on the old, hard, uncomfortable wooden chair in the chimney-corner, and gazed hungrily round and round the little room as if she could never have enough of it.

Hector, with one tremendous effort, pushed away his thoughts of the past and turned his energies to the present.

"I'll not be taking you across the water again, mother, I'm thinking," he said with a laugh, as he lifted the big black kettle on to the fire to boil. He drew the table up beside his grandmother's chair and laid away her shawl for her as gently as a daughter might have done it.

No voice was there to whisper comfort to Hector at that moment: he had never heard of Carlyle or his Gospel; but none the less he arrived in some obscure way at the same conclusion as that stern old philosopher, "*Here or nowhere was his America*" for the present.

Charlie came across the water next year and saw his mother again as he had promised to do, and some two years later the Widow went on another journey, from which she never came back—crossed an uncharted sea and landed on the shores of a New World. Then Hector, wiser grown, sighed as he said farewell to the shieling for ever and turned his face towards the future.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE END.

THE SILENT ONES.

In Western Africa life is short, events move extraordinarily quickly, and the years are very full. Fifteen years back takes one to prehistoric times. In those days a trading company held sway over a great block of the country. Its *raison d'être* was of course the earning of dividends; but besides capital it possessed also a charter, and in virtue of this charter it administered, after a fashion, such of the natives as were peaceable, and fought the truculent ones. For the purposes of this latter operation the company maintained a little army of blacks, recruited locally. The men were armed with rifles, and were trained and led by European military officers whom the company hired and exported to West Africa. The force was an excellent one, and did excellent work. It was kept busy, now here, now there, up and down the country, but most of its business was provided by the various secret societies with which West African politics are undermined.

Of these secret societies that of "The Silent Ones" is perhaps, in virtue of its membership and aims, the most formidable. The "Society of the Leopard" runs it close. As present we are concerned with the "Society of The Silent Ones." It probably numbers its adherents by millions. Periodically large parties of these go on the war-path, in obedience, apparently, to orders received—whence, from whom, it is impossible to say. These excursions are very horrible affairs—towns and villages are looted and burned, people are murdered, and in many cases their bodies are devoured by the assassins. Blood-stained, smoking ruins and wasted farms mark the path of "The Silent Ones." They always move at night, entire secrecy shrouds their intentions, and they never speak.

Hence their name. The terror they exercise over other natives is indescribable. News that "The Silent Ones" are out is sufficient to depopulate a whole countryside. Men, women, and children abandon home and farm, and rush terror-stricken, mad with fear, to hide in the friendly bush. Up-country trading stations are usually fortified and the traders armed, and to them the wretched fugitives will come for protection. As a rule "The Silent Ones" fight shy of such places, but there have been cases wherein the trader and his people were massacred, the store looted, and the whole place reduced to ashes.

To-day the society is not what it was. In more than one bloody encounter its members learned the price exacted by the white man from them that go a-murdering and pillaging. Here also, as elsewhere, the road has proved itself a great factor working for peace and order. The country is being rapidly opened up, new roads are being cut, old ones are being extended daily, and the reign of "The Silent Ones" is passing to its close.

Fifteen years ago it was at its zenith. In a district which the society only occasionally ravaged there established itself a mission-station. The *personnel* of the Mission consisted of two French Fathers. One, Moulain, was a man of middle age, an Alsatian many years in West Africa, who spoke fluently several of the native languages. Father Ridout, his colleague, was a young man newly arrived in the country, and quite without experience. The house they lived in was close alongside a big native town, whence there ran a trade road forty miles down to the great river. On the far side of the river stood a large settlement gar-

risoned by a considerable portion of the company's army.

The Fathers had a fine farm, and were satisfied that their presence and efforts were appreciated by their neighbors the townspeople, with whom their relations were most friendly. One afternoon the chief of the town presented himself at the Mission. The man was all gone to pieces. He gasped out that news of the coming of "The Silent Ones" had just reached him. He said they came because the town had welcomed and entertained the white man. Normally an intelligent, reasonable fellow, terror had turned the chief into a gibbering, drivelling incompetent. He was too frightened even to run away. He prayed the Fathers to leave at once. There might yet be time, he said, for them to reach the settlement. For his own part, perhaps, if "The Silent Ones" found the white men gone they would content themselves with looting and destroying the Mission, plus a fine from the town. The prospect was not a bright one, but if the Fathers remained, then would murder be the portion of all infallibly. And the poor miserable wretch grovelled and sobbed in his agony of fear.

Father Moulain comforted him as well as he could, but sympathy did the man no good at all, and the Father took a different line. "More than a year I have lived in your town," he said, "and you do not know me. You think I fear. Did I fear when I came first to you? You were not then my friend, remember. And your people would not help me at all; they threatened me and tried to drive me away from the town. Afterwards it was different. But at the beginning, you know how close I was to death at your hands. And now to-day you come to tell me to leave my house and run away from a lot of bushmen whom I have never seen." [In West Africa the term

"bushman" is the most insulting that can be applied to any native. In several of the languages it seems to be synonymous with "ape."] "My friend, you mistake me. It is not my habit to run away. I shall stop here. And you, go back to your house. 'The Silent Ones' shall not harm you, nor your people neither." And the fiery little Padre turned and went back into the Mission.

Men turn in early in the tropics, and the Fathers had been asleep some hours when, about midnight, a "boy" rushed into Moulain's room screaming. Evidently the chief had been well informed. "The Silent Ones" had arrived. The "boy" cowered in the corner, groaning and gibbering, quite beside himself. Moulain slipped into his long white cassock, and went out into the moonlight. A wonderful spectacle met his eyes. Between the mission-station and the town wall was a large clear space, many acres in extent. This was filled with a great army of men sitting down. One can read small print by the light of a full moon, and the little thick-set Alsatian could see that the naked savages before him were armed, and that many of them were daubed over with a white pigment. Not a sound arose from the vast assembly. Perfectly still, utterly silent, infinitely sinister. "The Silent Ones" sat, many thousands of them. And the little lonely white man, black-bearded, white cassocked, standing before them in the cool, mellow radiance, felt he could understand something of the awe they might inspire in meaner-fibred men. A white man, a Frenchman, in his own indomitable soul there was nothing of fear, and he advanced coolly towards his visitors. Arrived within a few yards of the front rank he stopped, and in their own language courteously saluted them. No man answered him. He continued—

"It is the custom here, when my friends come to see me, that they send beforehand to tell me. Then I prepare food for them, that they may rest and eat after their journey. You did not send to me and nothing has been prepared, but I have told my 'boys,' and soon they will bring some food for the great ones amongst you." No response from "The Silent Ones." The Padre went on—

"It is not the custom for honest men to come unannounced, with arms, in the middle of the night, to see their friend. But you, no doubt, have good reason. What is it?" And he paused, vainly, for reply.

"Then, since you won't tell me, I'll tell you. You are murderers. You are cowards. Like the hyæna you skulk in the shadows by day. You fly before a child with a stick in the sunlight. You are no men. In all of you there is not so much pluck as in one small dog. You call together a great band, and secretly by night you crawl about in the bush till the devil gives you courage to fall upon a sleeping man. Pah! I spit upon you." And he spat.

"You have come to murder me. I am but one, unarmed. You are many, and in your hands I see spears and knives and axes. It is night, and your father the devil has given you all the courage you can hold, apes that you are. Come then and kill me. You bushmen!" And he spat again.

With a gesture of contempt, "You fear to touch me," he said. "Why? See, I have no stick! You curs! I called you hyænas. I flattered you! You are mice!"

And the small missionary told them off in this strain for other ten minutes. He was of an eloquence, this Moulain! His address finished, he paused for some moments. Still from "The Silent Ones" there came no sign nor sound.

"Stand up!" he thundered. They started to their feet. "There is the road back to the bush. Follow it!" No man moved.

"Follow it!" he roared, with imperious gesture in the direction. And the mass, moving native fashion, in single file, slunk off. The Padre watched the last of them depart, and went back to the Mission, where, after a search, he discovered Father Ridout hiding under his bed. He addressed him shortly, and went himself back again to bed.

Late in the following afternoon, dusty, hot, tired beyond expression, there arrived Captain Jervis with a small column sent up in all haste from the settlement. The soldiers expected to find the place in ruins, and Jervis thought himself the victim of a false alarm when the Fathers came running out of the Mission to greet him. They escorted him and the three white officers with him to the veranda, gave to each a chair and a long cool drink, and then Father Ridout withdrew. Moulain narrated the events of the previous day, "and," he ended, "when you see Father Ridout please take no notice of him. Do not speak to him. For one week he is a 'boy,' he will take his meals with the 'boys,' and he is forbidden to speak to me or to any white man during that time."

"Come, come, now," said Jervis. "That's very hard on the little man. Certainly it wasn't very brave to go and hide under the bed, but he's very young, he's fresh to the country, and we have it on the best authority that it's not given to many men to be plucky at 2 A.M. And he isn't a soldier anyway."

"I beg your pardon," said Moulain very gravely. "He is a soldier, much more even than you are."

There resulted from the episode four several things. First, the power and prestige of "The Silent Ones" were

for ever destroyed in that neighborhood, and they went raiding there never again. Second, Jervis and his officers subscribed together and bought for Father Moulain the very latest pattern revolver, with hundreds and hundreds of cartridges. Third, the governing body of the company at home, who had the reputation of being very nearly the meanest upon earth, stirred by Jervis's report, bought a very handsome gold watch, paid for a most eloquent inscription that completely covered the back of it, and sent it out

Blackwood's Magazine.

with orders to the greatest of their servants that he was to make a special journey for the purpose and present it to the Father with all possible ceremony. Fourth, and last, Father Moulain is to-day the head of a large and flourishing Mission at the scene of his encounter with "The Silent Ones." He says that there are only three useless things on the Mission—viz., himself, the revolver, and the watch, which took a dislike to West Africa soon after reaching him and has never worked from that day to this.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

III.—"AT DEAD OF NIGHT."

The stage is in semi-darkness as Dick Trayle throws open the window from outside, puts his knee on the sill, and falls carefully into the drawing-room of Beeste Hall. He is dressed in a knickerbocker suit with arrows on it (such as can always be borrowed from a friend), and, to judge from the noises which he emits, is not in the best of training. The lights go on suddenly; and he should seize this moment to stagger to the door and turn on the switch. This done he sinks into the nearest chair and closes his eyes.

If he has been dancing very late the night before he may drop into a peaceful sleep; in which case the play ends here. Otherwise, no sooner are his eyes closed than he opens them with a sudden start and looks round in terror.

Dick (striking the keynote at once).

No, no! Let me out—I am innocent! (He gives a gasp of relief as he realizes the situation.) Free! It is true, then! I have escaped! I dreamed that I was back in prison again! (He shudders and helps himself to a large whisky-and-soda, which he swallows at a gulp.) That's better! Now I feel a new man—the

man I was three years ago. Three years! It has been a lifetime! (Pathetically to the audience.) Where is Mill-cent now?

[He falls into a reverie, from which he is suddenly awakened by a noise outside. He starts, and then creeps rapidly to the switch, arriving there at the moment when the lights go out. Thence he goes swiftly behind the window curtain. The lights go up again as Jasper Beeste comes in with a revolver in one hand and a bull's-eye lantern of apparently enormous candle power in the other.

Jasper (in immaculate evening dress).

I thought I heard a noise, so I slipped on some old things hurriedly and came down. (Fingering his perfectly-tied tie.) But there seems to be nobody here. (Turns round suddenly to the window.) Ha, who's there? Hands up, blow you—(He ought to swear rather badly here, really)—hands up, or I fire!

[The stage is suddenly plunged into darkness, there is the noise of a struggle, and the lights go on to reveal Jasper by the door covering Dick with his revolver.

Jasper. Let's have a little light on

you. (*Brutally.*) Now then, my man, what have you got to say for yourself? Ha! An escaped convict, eh?

Dick (to himself in amazement). Jasper Beeste!

Jasper. So you know my name?

Dick (in the tones of a man whose whole life has been blighted by the machinations of a false friend). Yes, Jasper Beeste, I know your name. For two years I have said it to myself every night, when I prayed Heaven that I should meet you again.

Jasper. Again? (*Uneasily.*) We have met before?

Dick (slowly). We have met before, Jasper Beeste. Since then I have lived a lifetime of misery. You may well fall to recognize me.

[*Enter Millicent Wilsdon—in a dressing-gown, with her hair over her shoulders, if the county will stand it.*

Millicent (to Jasper). I couldn't sleep—I heard a noise—I—(*suddenly seeing the other*) Dick! (*She trembles.*)

Dick. Millicent! (*He trembles too.*)

Jasper. Traile! (*So does he.*)

Dick (bitterly). You shrink from me, Millicent. (*With strong common sense*) What is an escaped convict to the beautiful Miss Wilsdon?

Millicent. Dick—I—you—when you were sentenced—

Dick. When I was sentenced—the evidence was black against me, I admit—I wrote and released you from your engagement. You are married now?

Millicent (throwing herself on a sofa). Oh, Dick!

Jasper (recovering himself). Enough of this. Miss Wilsdon is going to marry me to-morrow.

Dick. To marry you! (*He strides over to the sofa and pulls Millicent to her feet.*) Millicent, look me in the eyes! Do you love him? (*She turns away.*) Say "Yes" and I will go back quietly to my prison. (*She raises her eyes to his.*) Ha! I thought so! You

don't love him. Now then I can speak.

Jasper (advancing threateningly). Yes, to your friends the warders. Millicent, ring the bell.

Dick (wresting the revolver from his grasp). Ha, would you? Now stand over there and listen to me. (*He arranges his audience, Millicent on a sofa on the right, Jasper, biting his finger nails, on the left.*) Three years ago Lady Wilsdon's diamond necklace was stolen. My flat was searched and the necklace was found in my hatbox. Although I protested my innocence I was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years penal servitude, followed by fifteen years police supervision.

Millicent (raising herself on the sofa). Dick, you were innocent—I know it. (*She flops back again.*)

Dick. I was. But how could I prove it? I went to prison. For a year black despair gnawed at my heart. And then something happened. The prisoner in the cell next to mine tried to communicate with me by means of taps. We soon arranged a system and held conversations together. One day he told me of a robbery in which he and another man had been engaged—the robbery of a diamond necklace.

Jasper (jauntily). Well?

Dick (sternly). A diamond necklace, Jasper Beeste, which the other man hid in the hatbox of another man in order that he might woo the other man's fiancée! (*Millicent shrieks.*)

Jasper (blusteringly). Bah!

Dick (quietly). The man in the cell next to mine wants to meet this gentleman again. It seems that he has some old scores to pay off.

Jasper (sneeringly). And where is he?

Dick. Ah, where is he? (*He goes to the window and gives a low whistle. A Stranger in knickerbockers jumps in and advances with a crab-like movement.*) Good! here you are. Allow me to present you to Mr. Jasper Beeste.

Jasper (in horror). Two-toed Thomas! I am undone!

Two-toed Thomas (after a series of unintelligible snarls). Say the word, guv'nor, and I'll kill him. *(He prowls round Jasper thoughtfully.)*

Dick (sternly). Stand back! Now, Jasper Beeste, what have you to say?

Jasper (hysterically). I confess. I will sign anything. I will go to prison. Only keep that man off me.

Dick (going up to a bureau and writing aloud at incredible speed). "I, Jasper Beeste, of Beeste Hall, do hereby declare that I stole Lady Wilsdon's diamond necklace and hid it in the hat-box of Richard Trayle; and I further declare that the said Richard Trayle is innocent of any complicity in the affair." *(Advancing with the paper and a fountain pen.)* Sign, please.

[Jasper signs. At this moment two warders burst into the room.

Punch.

First Warder. There they are!

[He seizes Dick. Two-toed Thomas leaps from the window, pursued by the second Warder. Millicent picks up the confession and advances dramatically.]

Millicent. Do not touch that man! Read this!

[She hands him the confession with an air of superb pride.]

First Warder (reading). Jasper Beeste! *(Slipping a pair of handcuffs on Jasper.)* You come along with me, my man. We've had our suspicions of you for some time. *(To Millicent, with a nod at Dick)* You'll look after that gentleman, miss?

Millicent. Of course! Why, he's engaged to me. Aren't you Dick?

Dick. This time, Millicent, for ever!
Curtain.

A. A. M.

THE FUTURE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION.

Sir Edward Grey's reputation as a dispassionate and reserved statesman enhances the influence of the cordial response which he has made to the suggestions of President Taft for an unreserved treaty of arbitration between the United States and this country. Mr. Taft's personal declarations in favor of this course, repeated upon at least two public occasions, carried, of course, no Governmental weight, and, indeed, were taken at the time as little more than pious aspirations. Sir Edward Grey's favorable attitude has raised them at a single move on to the plane of practical politics. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that his declaration initiates a new stage in the history of international relations. For it is the first full and warm acceptance, on the part of a European Foreign Minister of the idea of substitut-

ing a judicial settlement for the arbitration of arms in the graver issues between two nations. Many of those who in this country and America give the kindest welcome to the idea do not appear adequately to appraise its intrinsic and particular importance. Such a treaty, if it can be brought about, would, in their opinion, be more valuable as an example than as an achievement. For to ordinary citizens the notion of actual hostilities between this country and America has come to appear so monstrous that it has been difficult to realize that any provocation could bring it to pass. Now this view implies not only a short memory, but a rather dangerous misreading of national psychology. The fact that only sixteen years ago the two nations were brought very suddenly to the very brink of war by the message of Pres-

ident Cleveland on the Venezuela question, ought to suffice to remind us of the enormous value of an agreement which should secure the automatic "adjudication of International Arbitration Courts in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiation, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money." It is true that the relations between the two countries since that time have shown a marked increase of friendliness, and that the present time is peculiarly opportune for setting those relations upon a permanent basis of peace and law. But these movements of popular feeling are very fluctuating, and it would be a thousand pities not to utilize the genuine current of goodwill which prevails now in both peoples to give stability and firm co-operation to the future policy of the two great Anglo-Saxon States. For the opportuneness does not merely consist in the friendly sentiments which exist upon both sides of the Atlantic. The United States, within the last few years, has openly and rapidly abandoned her formal policy of seclusion, and has stepped out boldly to take her part in world politics. The territorial acquisitions which have accompanied this change are, perhaps, not the most important aspect of this new policy. The enlarged commercial career which, on attaining her present stage of industrial development, she was bound to enter, the approaching completion of the Panama Canal, and, we must add, the adoption of a naval policy which places her among the greatest Powers, combine to bring the United States into the full flood of international politics. As the territory, trade and financial exploitation of the Pacific come to play the larger part they must play in the international affairs of European Powers, the United States must more and more be drawn into the race. Her present and, we believe, her permanent desires

and interests make for peace. Her favorite spokesmen and advisers eagerly urge that she should enter her new career in the definite character of a peacemaker. But it would be foolish to disguise the risk that the nobler and more enduring tendency may be crossed and thwarted by one of those gusts of passion which sweep the ship of State out of its pre-ordained course, and bear it into perilous seas. One of the ablest recent analysts of American life observes that "in the attitude of the American towards foreign affairs, the love of peace and the delight in war combine to make a contrast which has rarely been seen."

If America is to be a real power for peace in the world, she cannot exercise that function by merely adding one more to the great armed Powers, scheming and struggling for trade and dominion. She can only do so by taking just that sort of initiative which President Taft desires. She can do so better than any other first-rate Power, precisely because she has hitherto stood aloof from "entangling alliances." It is natural and right that in her early tentative endeavor after this policy she should first approach Great Britain; for the common bonds of blood, language and institutions make this the line of least resistance and of most reliable co-operation. It has hitherto been impossible for representative statesmen in European nations to achieve the faith in ideas and the confidence in pacific tendencies requisite for the great step which America and England can take together for the cause of civilization. We do not forget that Mr. Taft has made no formal proposal, and that Sir Edward Grey accepted none. But though some organs of our Press speak in disparaging tones of the surrender of "sovereignty" involved in general arbitration, there can, we hold, be little doubt that a

formal offer authorized by the United States Government, would be welcomed by a Government of either party in this country, and would win the enthusiastic assent of our Parliament and people. We believe that not only statesmen like Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Root, but the sentiment of the great mass of the American people, would rally to the support of the proposal should it be formally set upon the platform.

But in considering its practicability, it would be wrong to forget that such a scheme must pass the severe test imposed by the Constitution of the United States in the case of Treaties—the obligation to obtain a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Senate. That body has often shown itself obdurate to the demands of popular opinion and of plain national interest, and fourteen years ago it wrecked a Treaty covering nearly the same objects as
The Nation.

those now in contemplation. Strange as it may appear, the realization of this beneficent idea in the near future probably depends more upon the accomplishment of Irish Home Rule than upon any other conditions. For the hostility of Irish politicians in America has persisted for generations as a fruitful cause of embitterment in the relations of Great Britain and the United States, and the failure of the first Anglo-American Treaty was specially the work of Mr. Davitt. The open sore of Irish discontent once healed, the natural sympathy between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations will, in the United States, generate a compelling force of public opinion, which even the Senate would not dare defy, in favor of unrestricted arbitration and of that further co-operation in the great task of world-peace to which Sir Edward Grey looks forward as the outcome of an Anglo-American agreement.

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM.

BY LORD ROBERT CECIL.

The Unionist party, or at least a section of it, appear to be losing their heads. Scarcely a day passes without some fresh and startling proposal for the "reform" of the House of Lords being given to the world. Many of us thought that the original Rosebery-Lansdowne proposals went quite far enough. Not a few looked with grave misgiving on the attempt to graft the elective principle on the old constitution of the Great Council. Such attempts necessarily open the door to even more drastic proposals, and already some of the younger members of the Unionist party are clamoring for a completely elective Second Chamber. To me such a proposal seems insane. At the very moment when, by the admission of everybody, except a few bureaucrats, the House of Commons

is ceasing to represent the people, it is proposed to make the will of the people prevail by turning the other House into a second House of Commons. Lord Balfour of Burleigh declared on Thursday that he would be a bold man who would say that during the last twenty-five years our representative system had been growing in success. Let no one think this statement is the extravagance of an unregenerate Tory. Mr. Belloc has lately published a book on the Party System to prove that we are governed by a group of wirepullers. Mr. Sherwell, the highly respected Radical member for Huddersfield, says that "our Parliamentary system is rapidly developing into a real, if undesigned, absolutism." Mr. Philip Snowden, the Socialist, is even more outspoken. On 6 July 1907, just

after the Campbell-Bannerman Resolutions, he wrote: "That the House of Commons represents the will of the people and is engaged in trying to carry out the people's wishes, is one of those constitutional myths like the veto of the Crown and the liberty of the subject, we all pretend to cherish but know to be unreal. We have not a democratic Constitution. The people do not rule. The House of Commons does not represent the will of the people. The Government is an autocracy restrained, just like the Tsar of Russia, by considerations of self-preservation and self-interest. It is the knowledge of these facts which makes this agitation against the House of Lords almost contemptible." Personally, I subscribe to Mr. Snowden's opinion without reserve. The House of Commons is in some ways less representative of the people's wishes than it was before the Reform Bill of 1832, and far less than it was in the middle of the nineteenth century. And the reason is not far to seek. The more numerous the body of electors the more certainly do they fall under the control of the wirepuller. In a constituency of a few hundreds the personality of a candidate counts for much. Multiply the voters a hundredfold and he becomes a mere emblem. The choice of the emblem nowadays rests usually with a little group of self-elected wirepullers and they naturally prefer one who will do as they tell him. Hence the fetish of "loyalty to the party," which simply means that members of Parliament are not now expected to act on their opinion of what public advantage requires. Still less are they to regard the wishes of their constituents. Their sole duty is unquestioning obedience to the behests of the clique which governs the party, Liberal, Tory, Labor, or Nationalist, to which they may happen to belong.

The truth is the House of Commons

is breaking down. No patriot, certainly no Conservative, can view its present condition without profound concern. Mr. Snowden, in the article already quoted says: "It would be an instructive lesson to the electors, who have imagined that they were voting for a man to represent their will in Parliament, if they could see that member coming in from the Terrace or the smoke-room at the ringing of the division bell, and, at the entrance to the lobbies, being pointed by the party Whip into the particular lobby he must go to register his vote for a motion about which, in nine cases out of ten, he has not the remotest idea. He has not heard a word of the discussion; he does not even know what the question under discussion is; he votes as 'a supporter of his party,' and if he understood the question and had opinions upon it, it would make no difference. He is there to support his party; to follow his leaders; to do as he is told. This is expressing 'the will of the people.'" All this is literally true. Yet, even so, it is not the whole truth. Not only are the decisions of the House of Commons mere echoes of the decrees of the Cabinet, but even its debates are becoming increasingly lifeless and unreal. With the exception of two or three men, everyone knows what a speaker will say before he opens his mouth. He is not allowed to think for himself. He is forced to follow the beaten track. What wonder that his audience is usually reduced to those who intend to follow him in the discussion, and that the rest of the House reads, writes, smokes, or gossips in some other chamber of the building until a division puts a temporary stop to this parody of Parliamentary discussion.

Such is the condition to which the tyranny of the caucus and the Cabinet has reduced the most famous legislative Assembly in the world. And

It is now seriously proposed to submit the House of Lords to a similar process. The House of Lords may have many faults, but at least the peers take their duties seriously. Their debates are dignified and well-informed. No peers speak who have not something to say. On important occasions the benches are well filled during the debate, and those peers only vote who have heard and weighed the arguments used. Frequently members of the Upper House vote against their party, and if any Whip were to attempt to direct a peer into a lobby different from that selected by himself he would probably be sent to the Clock Tower! Its chief defect—and it is a serious one—is that it is overwhelmingly Unionist in opinion. Let that be corrected by all means, but let it be done with as little disturbance as possible of its composition and corporate character. To my thinking, the most satisfactory reform of the House of Lords would be for it to revert to its original constitution, when it consisted of those distinguished persons whom the Sovereign chose to summon as his advisers during their lives. Doubtless, now that the kingly power has passed from the monarch to the democracy, the sum-

The Saturday Review.

mons must be issued on the recommendation of the party leaders, who are the nominees of the democracy. In the first instance, to obtain an impartial body, the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition should each nominate one-half of the new Second Chamber. Afterwards vacancies should be filled on the recommendation of the Prime Minister of the day. But the personnel of the new House and the old one should differ as little as might be consistent with genuine impartiality. Unless reform produces an even balance of parties, the reformed Second Chamber will remain obnoxious to the one serious criticism directed against its present constitution. Granted impartiality, the less change made in the present House the better. In any case, do not let us create a second House of Commons. To that course there are many other objections besides those mentioned here. For myself, and in this matter I am convinced that my views are shared by an immense body of the true Conservative opinion in the country, almost any solution would be better than one which extended to the Second Chamber the baleful despotism of the caucus.

THE DEBT TO DICKENS.

The scheme for selling Dickens stamps, to be placed by all honorable debtors in their copies of Dickens's works, avoids numerous moral difficulties and gives every promise of fulfilling the pious task of bringing comfort to Dickens's descendants. It is therefore an almost perfect scheme, and should be forwarded by everyone who has a single volume of Dickens in his possession. It seems to us, indeed, that this is one of the very few memorials to Dickens which would be

permissible. Lord Rosebery, speaking of the Dickens stamps at the Mansion House last week, said that we were all getting a little weary of memorials. His remarks remind us of the similar words used by Bowen: "We erect memorials to nobody, and we elaborately celebrate the centenary of nothing." We are not opposed so strongly as some people, we must confess, to the erection of statues (provided that they be good statues); for a statue of an interesting or noble man in his birth-

place, or in the place chiefly associated with his work, is a challenge to the least curious mind, and makes the earth seem to speak its history. But statues of Dickens, even if they seemed for other reasons to be a desirable part of a memorial to him, are ruled out. He himself said that he wished for no memorial of that kind. It may be said that we should use our discretion in obeying the modest self-depreciations of a genius. Discretion to set Dickens's wishes aside was employed when he was buried in Westminster Abbey. He had said that he would be buried quietly, and that the world should not know the time or place. Statues seem a trivial contradiction of his wishes after that, perhaps. But the family of Dickens are the High Court of judgment in this matter, and they have always deprecated statues. And, after all, while Dickens's works remain, all memorials must appear trivial, if not impertinent. The works are the only true monument. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

The Dickens stamp, however, avoids all these difficulties. The scheme proposes to discharge, as Lord Rosebery well said, "a debt which is long overdue." What ought to have been one of the greatest literary properties in history was not of great pecuniary worth to the creator of it and has been of little to his descendants. The details—or rather the estimates—of this literary property are worth thinking over. It is reckoned that there are 25,000,000 sets of Dickens's works in existence. Dickens is supposed to have died worth between £70,000 and £80,000, and of this sum about £50,000 came from his public readings. No one could possibly dispute Lord Rosebery's comment: "Now, I think we shall all feel that that is a very inadequate return as compared with modern returns—with the modern return,

for example, of a successful play—to this great genius, for what he did for us. . . . He has left twenty descendants—three children and seventeen grandchildren—who are by no means placed in this world as the descendants of Dickens ought to be. It is not through their own fault. They make no claim and no complaint, but it does seem a debt of honor, from this nation at any rate, to them and to ourselves that we should not let this family of our great genius suffer under any kind of want." When Dickens wrote there was no copyright in the United States. He derived not a penny of profit from all the multitude of his readers in America. Lord Rosebery was certainly well guided in saying that in America, where the readers of Dickens from first to last must be more numerous even than in this country, there would be an enthusiastic readiness to pay off "the debt which is long overdue." The bitterness which Americans felt towards Dickens after the publication of "Martin Chuzzlewit" is dead. It died in Dickens's lifetime. Even the most resolute resentment must have yielded to the generous acknowledgment of American qualities which Dickens wrote as a preface for the later editions of "Martin Chuzzlewit." But it would require a heavy subscription indeed to overtake the arrears of rent for the Elysian fields which Dickens put at the disposal of the world. Surely there is no more precarious property than literary property, none which brings such uncertain profits or which brings them for so short a time. As Mr. Birrell has said, however long a copyright may last it does not help the author who has sold it outright. Authors do not speculate on their books being read many years after their death.

What is the character of the peculiar debt we owe to Dickens? Everyone

will put it differently, and so much the better, provided that we all recognize that the debt is a vast sum. Lord Rosebery picked out only one point among many, but it is perhaps the most important. He said that Dickens taught us how to laugh. Dickens came into a world that was not distinguished by its faculty for laughter. "Am I not right in saying," exclaims Lord Rosebery, "that a laugh, a real laugh, at any literary product, except of course a comedy on the stage, any laugh over a book that you are reading, is almost the rarest luxury which you can enjoy? . . . Anyone who feels depressed, who feels unhappy, who feels physically unwell, has only got to take down his 'Pickwick' and read a few pages, possibly that he knows by heart already, and he will find himself indulging in that innocent and healthy exhilaration of which I spoke."

Dickens, indeed, makes an appeal to our generation different from that of which those who read him in monthly parts were conscious. They laughed, no doubt, but they wept with a more consuming ardor—at all events, with a simple emotion of which we of to-day are scarcely capable. The crowds which struggled to get early copies of the new part wet from the press were moved to profound and lasting gloom by the death of Little Nell or Paul Dombey. They could hardly wait in their impatience to know how the plot developed and whether, let us say, Martin Chuzzlewit married Mary. To-day we are comparatively indifferent to these things: we recognize that the plots are no plots, or at least do not matter. They all depended on how many more monthly parts the publishers wanted, or whether Dickens already did or did not see his way to a new novel. "Oliver Twist" begins to end, so to speak, over and over again,

and takes new life and goes off again at a glorious tangent. "Edwin Drood" almost alone has proportion and form because Dickens sketched out his plot and sat down to write it, knowing exactly in advance how and when he meant to end it. We perceive to-day also that nearly every character of Dickens is a static thing: it does not grow with the plot, nor does the plot depend upon the state of soul—or the resultant action—of anybody in the book. You might lift Pecksniff out of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and put him into "Nicholas Nickleby" and he would figure there just as adequately and no less delightfully. The same thing might be said of almost any character in any of Dickens's works. But the lover of Dickens, every man who is not a fool in fact, is not affected by these things. He forgets that the chronology of "Martin Chuzzlewit" will not bear examination, and that Jonas cannot have committed the murder when he is said to have committed it. It is nothing to him that the Yorkshire schools have long since been reformed, and that the diabolical system of nursing of which Mrs. Gamp was the archetype no longer exists. He passes quickly over the sentimentality as mere alluvial deposit in which the gold is always to be found. And the gold is not only plentiful but always near the surface—eloquence, laughter, geniality and whimsicality, in a profusion which always seems new. Except perhaps tobacco, for those who feel about it as Kingsley did, there is no solace in the world like Dickens. We begin to laugh as we think of the innumerable passages which vie in our mind for the position of favorite. You can pay half a guinea for a stall in a theatre and be bored to death. You can buy two hundred thousand words of Dickens for sixpence and pass into a land of delight of which the vision

does not fade so long as you read. It is for the purpose of balancing that absurd discrepancy, to take only
The Spectator.

one illustration, that we are all invited to put Dickens stamps in our books.

AN IMPERIALIST IN ARCADY.

The February number of the "National Review" contained an illuminating article by an Imperialist lady, in which she describes her experiences as a political speaker in a Fenland constituency during the recent election. The article casts a vivid light on what we may call the Primrose League view of the country poor. The writer hurries down from town to Fenland, literally on the eve of the poll, deserting a symphony concert and upsetting "the W.'s dinner party" by her departure. As the train steams out of King's Cross, she opens a despatch box, and begins to compose her speeches. 'She "selects her ammunition from an arsenal of pamphlets with which she is provided," but sighs to think that "her fate is usually an audience on whom the measured eloquence of statesmen is wasted, and who are not in the least impressed by extracts from Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone, proving that those eminent Liberals were staunch supporters of principles which their degenerate successors are disowning." Yes, that is it—the stolidity of the agricultural poor. It is really useless to talk to them. Beneath those impassive masks one feels their minds are quite made up. They will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm she never so wisely. Not even copious extracts from those eminent Militarists and Tariff Reformers, Richard Cobden and John Bright, can shake their bigoted adhesion to the prejudices which are ruining the country. These brainless, and, it is to be feared, too often befuddled people, rashly entrusted with the weapon of a vote, will listen to all the lady has to say, and

then go away and vote against Tariff Reform. So the village Baptist hears the Rector quote St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and next Sunday takes his dour and customary drive to chapel.

We like the lady politician's account of her arrival at her inn, "The Blue Boar." Of this hostelry she very truly observes that it is "genuine Dickens." In one Fenland town, by the way, there is a perfectly delightful inn. A monastic quiet still broods over the whole town. The place has preserved an atmosphere of almost incredible remoteness. So out of the world is it, that, on Sunday afternoons, the young men do not ride off on bicycles, but, dressed in their Sunday best, hang over the strange old stone bridge. This is no mere passage over water, but some religious station of the monks. On it still stands a sacred Figure, in way-worn, woe-struck, weather-beaten majesty. The "National Review" writer speaks of the "lovely old Queen Anne candlesticks" at the "Blue Boar." So we longed to carry off, from the inn we speak of, an old glass beer jug, engraved two hundred years ago with the dove carrying in her bill a spray of hops plucked off. This, we had fondly imagined, was a fancy of our own. "The 'Blue Boar' is the headquarters of our side," our speaker writes, "but a little further down," she adds unkindly, "there is a Temperance Hotel, much patronized by the others." We hasten to assure her that some of the most impenitent of those "others" know and love the "Blue Boar." What scenes of the past do such old inns evoke, with Toby-jug-like figures gossiping on eighteenth-

century bowling-greens in long-gone summer evenings!

But such themes must not allure us from our village politicians. Our lady speaker wisely decides to have some cold chicken in the coffee-room before beginning her evening's work. At 6.30 the motor arrives, and, in getting in, she discovers she has a companion "who had been in the constituency for some days." Let us transcribe some of the remarks of this worthy, verbatim et literatim.

"These agricultural laborers are something crool. No brains, no eddication—but there! We spend millions a year on eddication, but what do we turn out? They can read and write, but they can't think." (From this point on, these last words occur like a refrain through the rest of the article.) "London is a crool disappointment. I can't understand it at all. Never could understand a working man being a Liberal. . . . As for Socialism, its ridiklous. Flying in the face of nature." This fiery apostle appears to have broken away from his hereditary political creed. "I've been a shoemaker myself, and my father and brothers—all Radicals. Shoemakers and tallors are usually Radicals, and mostly Athelsts." Could the Primrose League contempt for shoemakers and tallors and the base mechanic rabble-babble of places like Birmingham and Leicester and Northampton be more concisely expressed?

The account of the journey's end is hardly encouraging. The motor-car is received with "loud booling" in the village. "The schoolroom is nearly empty, save for a few young girls, and a few old ladies in the front seats." These old ladies are, no doubt, the true remnant. "The chair is a rugged-faced old farmer, eighty years old and stone deaf." The booling youths take their stand at the back of the room. Fresh contingents of men keep coming in at

the door, where they stand three deep, pipe in mouth, hands in pocket, cap on head, staring at the lady speaker. Alas! for the manners of Arcady. "The local chairman of committee prefers a request. The Radicals have put a notice all over the village that, if Mr. Brown gets in, bread and butter will be heavily taxed. Will I deal with this? It is a request with which every speaker on our side is familiar!" Yes indeed. In Arcady it is the one subject we want to hear about. For the woes of Irish landlords we have no tears to spend.

The whole article is so lifelike and so instructive that the reader will pardon a few more quotations. They hardly need one word of comment. The writer next gives the candid expression of her feeling about the rustic audience she has come from London to address:

I wonder whether other speakers have the same feeling of utter incompetence that comes over me when I stand up and face such an audience as this. The blank, bucolic faces, the wreaths of smoke rising up from heavy lips, the expressionless eyes all turned upon me, the thick boots ready to shuffle on the floor. . . . What is one to talk about? Can they understand these questions of high politics, these grave constitutional issues? They can read and write, but they cannot think.

No, but they can feel. Their fathers were reasoned with in the Greek portico of the hungry 'forties (to borrow a phrase of George Meredith's), and they themselves know what it is to be cold and wet and hungry. At the best of times it is still hard work to get enough to eat for themselves and their children. No sophistry will make them take a single step towards making it harder. Meanwhile, they will listen—they rather like listening to a good speaker on any side or subject. After half-an-hour our lady "sits down amid very kindly applause."

They are the despair of the propertied and titled gentry who wish to tax their food, and who cannot do it without their consent. The chairman of her next meeting gave the lady his "impressions of the neighborhood." From internal evidence, we should say that he was a retired military man. He spoke once, and twice also we have heard the same. We have heard it from colonels and farmers and squires and parsons' wives. He said:—

The only things they care about are their stomachs and their pockets. No use talking to them about the Empire, and as for Home Rule, they don't know what it means. They've never seen a ship—most of 'em, and don't care a brass farthing for the Navy, or anything that really matters. Ireland? No, they take no interest in it at all.

This witness is true. To the people, their pockets and their stomachs are the things that really matter. How can it be otherwise? To us also it seems that for the people to have decent houses to live in and food enough to eat are the things that really matter. When these are attained, by all means let them see ships and learn something of the people of other countries, and their solidarity with them.

But our lady speaker is not discouraged. If they are apathetic, it is because they are ignorant, and, for her part, she "will talk Empire and Navy, God and our Country wherever she may go." In this list of nouns, note the position accorded to the third. A fervent lady Tariff Reformer lately remarked to a friend of the present writer: "We're not doing it for ourselves—it's for the Almighty." God and Tariff Reform! We are reminded of some lines of *Don Juan*:—

The Nation.

God and the Empress! Oh! ye Powers Eternal, such names mingled.

We quote once more:—

It's a bit of romance, this election. Tom Brown was born at X., of poor parents. In Australla he has made his pile, and he comes back—an Imperialist, of course—with one great ambition, to represent his native place at Westminster. A splendid candidate, everyone says—if he cannot get in, no one could.

No, under these conditions no one can. The fact stated above, of course, appeals strongly to popular sentiment and local patriotism. "Home again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," but you must not try to tax our food.

Will this Fenland desert ever blossom as the rose of Tariff Reform, will it become a Primrose wood in spring, a Botticelli Primavera with its dancing nymphs? Our writer is doubtfully hopeful—she suggests Empire maps and flags.

Twenty meetings, aye, or two hundred, will not send an Imperialist back to Westminster as member for X., if the men who are to elect him are brought up in schools where there is neither an Empire map nor a British flag. . . . Forty meetings, or four hundred, will not really help to bring enlightenment to an electorate, of which the majority are taught to read and write but not to think.

If this were done, they might, perhaps, be got to prefer maps and flags and stones to bread. The article ends sadly:—

Tom Browne has not got the wish of his heart yet, and X. is represented at Westminster by a Radical wrecker.

PLURAL VOTING IN BELGIUM.

Plural voting at the present time is, as we know, anathema to the Radical doctrinaire. He even finds it difficult to discuss calmly, for "one man one vote" apparently represents to him the irreducible minimum of political integrity. That gerrymandering piece of legislation—the threatened new Liberal Reform Bill—will sweep away every trace of the accursed thing; or so its promoters intend. They clearly hold that when once plural voting is abolished, and, presumably, adult suffrage established, then, and only then, government by the counting of heads will bring all things to prosperity and perfection.

Now there exists a corrective to these crude views in the working model of the necessary modifications entailed by appreciation of the doubtful blessing of such rule. The stormy period during which Belgium remodelled her Constitution and established her limited monarchy and representative government was productive of a compromise between these two incompatibles, as Liberals consider them—plural voting and universal suffrage—which though intricate, is instructive. It exposes some Radical fallacies to which we are here accustomed, and this may be one reason why invincible ignorance of plural voting under Belgian conditions appears to flourish and abound in that party.

Belgium, in short, is a country in possession of *le suffrage universel plural*. There every male citizen over the age of twenty-five years possesses one vote in virtue of his age and birth qualification. In passing, we note that the higher limit of the constitutional coming of age might be advantageous in our own country. The Belgian citizen may however still more increase his voting powers without a corresponding

increase of his substance. By the famous Article 47 of the Constitution, Belgium allows three additional qualifications to confer the privilege of plural voting in a kingdom enjoying none the less the democratic blessing of universal suffrage, and since 1890 of proportional representation as well. Again, to our Radical doctrinaire these anomalies must be distressing, although we have cause to perceive that proportional representation is no longer to him a pleasing prospect. It is even to be feared that the oracle of other Liberal days—John Stuart Mill—would find his support thereof dismissed with a smile at his Utopian simplicity, since it is now doubtful whether proportional representation would advantage his party. The electoral system of Belgium, however, is influenced towards the bestowal of plural votes by considerations additional to those of property. Fatherhood is, under her Constitution, one ground of admission to a second franchise; the *pères conscrits* of the commonwealth come to their own in a practical acknowledgment. Every man of thirty-five years of age, married or a widower, and having children, may claim his plural vote provided that he also pays a minimum of five francs a year in income-tax. "I have been ever of opinion," said the immortal Vicar, "that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population." Belgium unquestionably approves the sentiment. The plural voter there has however other opportunities also. Possessing a diploma of the schools of learning or endowed with professional qualifications indicative of a trained intelligence, he has two more votes at his disposal. Finally, one small sop to the Cerberus of property

exists under this scheme. It is true that the incorrigible, or unfortunate, bachelor may qualify for the vote additional as well as may the father of a family; but it is enacted that he in the last resort must be the richer man of the two. Belgium insists that he must have something at stake in the prosperity of the country other than the fact of bare existence in possible defiance of every eugenic consideration. On the score of property, real estate to the value of two thousand francs or an income of one hundred francs derived from the State securities of the country, satisfies her moderate demand. Under these conditions of plural voting the universal suffrage by which both Chamber of Deputies and Senate (with the exception of twenty-six members) are elected, is in Belgium accordingly exercised.

What, we may ask, is the fundamental principle of this form of plural voting? It appears to be a sound and, where universal suffrage or any approach thereto is adopted, an evidently necessary safeguard. As a rough rule the defence of the property qualification for additional votes or for any vote, will be that the virtue and intelligence of the possessors are promoted by such favoring circumstances. Property furnishes forth few inmates of our prisons, and bestows advantages of education, surroundings and associates which should increase the capacity of sound judgment. Whether in administration itself or in the selection of a governing body, knowledge, integrity, and sound judgment are the indispensable factors which no skilful accommodation of competing interests—this accommodation being the creeping paralysis of good government to which democratic rule is peculiarly susceptible—can replace. But the measures of a wide enfranchisement have swept away the virtually exclusive claim of property; and their concomi-

itants of State-aided, State-directed education and a cheap Press have promoted a specious knowledge and shallow judgment which spell a far-reaching change of conditions. The political knowledge which is influential at an election crisis is the average of the knowledge of an ill-educated electorate, and the judgment of affairs which such an electorate accepts is as a rule mainly an *ex parte* advocacy. And therefore to increase the elective power of the man of wider range and outlook than is within the purview of the man in the street is a counterbalance to the real danger of that little knowledge which its possessor believes to be omniscience. We have of course accepted this principle in the Universities' franchise, and it is significant that this franchise is one which the party in power is most anxious to destroy. But it is doubtful if the principle is sufficiently widely applied. Belgium's addition of a professional qualification is in the right direction. It cannot be too much emphasized that whereas integrity, by the dispensation of Providence, may come by nature, knowledge and sound judgment of affairs which such an elections, emphatically do not develop without labor and effort, and rarely without some favor of circumstance. The professional qualification involves, too, considerable contact with life and actual conditions. Belgium's other qualification for the plural vote—that of fatherhood—is characteristic of a healthy tendency, on the increase in modern life, to acknowledge the human factor in the State. Such a tendency is as remote from the despot's position that humanity is negligible as it is from the conception of the citizen as a mere party pawn.

This system of plural voting then, these additional qualifications for the exercise of the suffrage, are Belgium's contributions to the solving of that problem of representative government

which, whether recognized or not, is the Sphinx's riddle of the modern State. Unless, indeed it can be solved, free institutions are in as grave danger from the tyranny of the uninstructed and exploited many as ever they were threatened with by absolute monarchy or oligarchical rule. And that problem is a double one. Even with the omission of the criminal and the insane from the position of electors, it remains a patent fact that the choice

The Outlook.

of administrations and of policies does not lie within the capacity of judgment of all the citizens. The final decision falls too much to the *sic volo* of the "wobbler." On the other hand, to leave any class unrepresented is to invite oppression and neglect of the interests of that class. To combine the safety of all with the wisdom of the few is no light problem, but it is one which cannot be safely neglected,

E. S. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

William Jennings Bryan's "The Fruit of the Tree," a striking address which won general appreciation when delivered at the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh last June, has been published in a convenient booklet by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Henry Holt & Co. are just having to send to press for the fourteenth time Berthold Auerbach's masterpiece, "The Villa on the Rhine," which they first issued over forty years ago. They will signalize this new printing by issuing the book, which has appeared, during all that time, in two volumes, for the first time in one.

The increasing interest in amateur photography ensures a welcome for Adolphe Abrahams's little treatise on "The Photography of Moving Objects and Hand-Camera Work for Advanced Workers"—the more so because it is the fruit of long practical experience and is illustrated with numerous specimens of the results of this fascinating department of the photographer's art. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The painful ambiguity which sometimes arises from the names assumed by contemporary fiction-writers is cleverly

hit off by Punch in this paragraph about "The Greatest Little Lion.":

"So glad you've come. You're just in time to meet Evelyn Starker. Just dropped in quite informally, you know. No ceremony or anything of that sort."

"Very glad to meet her," I murmured.

"Her! My good man, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Evelyn Starker? You've read his books, anyway. He wrote 'Fallacy or Phantasy' and 'The Duke's Diogenes' and—and lots of others. Come on in. You'll find him awfully affable and nice—considering what he is."

It is the desperado of the story rather than the real hero who gives his name to Caroline Lockhart's tale "Me-Smith" and it is a desperado of large and varied gifts in his particular line, but without a single redeeming quality unless mere brute courage is to be so reckoned. The story is one of the wild and lawless west; and there figure in it Indians and half-breeds, cowboys and ranchmen, a guileless and high-minded "school-marm," a diligent and unsophisticated scientist, and a brave young deputy sheriff, who is the real hero. There is no lack of incident; from the first chapter to the last the story goes at a gallop; and it is still proceeding at a rapid pace when "Me-

Smith" meets his tragic and well-deserved end. Four or five spirited illustrations interpret the situations and characters. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Fedor Dostoevsky's masterpiece, "Crime and Punishment," is published in *Everyman's Library*, with an introduction by Laurence Irving. Diffuse as the author's style is, and numerous as are the digressions which hinder the movement of the plot, there is no escaping the intense realism of the story. And there is good reason for this, for the horrors which the author depicts in this and his other novels he had himself witnessed or experienced. He had himself stood upon the scaffold, with his hands bound, in momentary expectation of the execution of a death sentence; he had spent years in Siberia; and he had passed through the horrors of epilepsy, and lived a life of keenest deprivation. Yet, with it all, he did not lose hold upon spiritual realities. This is a marvelous book, and it is a satisfaction to have it accessible in so convenient a form. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In "Half a Hundred Hero Tales," edited by Francis Storr, and published by Henry Holt & Co., we have some delightful retellings of the old classical stories,—of Ulysses and Æneas and Theseus and Hector and Hercules and Hero and Pygmalion and the rest—all of them told just as stories, without any attempt at didacticism, and with no pretence of following or translating ancient texts. Ten of the stories are borrowed from Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" and one from Thomas Bulfinch; the other thirty-nine are original and represent the work of half a dozen different authors, cooperating with the editor, who himself contributes six to the collection. Some of the stories follow more closely than others the earlier forms, while some have

a decidedly light and modern touch; but all are cleverly told and all will appeal to the youthful imagination. There are eight full-page illustrations by Franck C. Papé.

In Carolyn Wells's new detective story, "The Gold Bag," the Fleming Stone who solved the mystery of "The Clue" reappears, but the hero is an admiring subordinate of his, a young man whose friendly human impulses threaten to interfere with his professional activities. Needless to say, there is a charming heroine, on whom falls the first suspicion for the murder of her rich uncle, found dead in his library chair the morning after he has threatened to disinherit her. The tale is brightly told; there is some good character sketching; the various clues—the yellow-rose petals, the transfer slip, the extra edition of the *New York paper*, and the gold bag itself—are all of the latest fashion; and the dénouement is an agreeable combination of expected and unexpected. But why did not Mrs. Egerton Purvis's card come to light sooner? J. B. Lippincott Co.

Readers who enjoyed "Pa Flickinger's Folks" will welcome a new story, "Opal," by Bessie R. Hoover, in which is realistically portrayed the romance of Pa Flickinger's youngest daughter, a high-school graduate, whose mother's ambition would have her study for her "stiffcut" and become a teacher, but for whom a stalwart farmer's son—the proud owner of a buggy with red wheels—has different plans. The scene is laid in the suburbs of a western city; the characters are all working-people, whose manners and talk are rough and uncouth almost to the point of burlesque. To many the dialect will seem forbidding and the humor forced. But there is an undeniable quality of wholesomeness and right

feeling, which holds the reader in spite of his prejudices, and the Flickingers fitting out Opal for the picnic or William Panner writing to Butch to stick by his job may linger in the memory when more conventional characters are forgotten. Harper & Bros.

Harold Begbie's "Souls in Action" (George H. Doran Company) is a book similar in scope and purpose to his "Twice-Born Men," which attracted wide attention a year ago and was the subject of a striking symposium which *The Living Age* of February 5 and February 19, 1910, reprinted from the *London Nation*. But there is this difference. The earlier book was a series of studies of religious conversion as witnessed among London slum-dwellers, in connection with the work of the Salvation Army; and most of the subjects were men. But in the present studies of "Christianity militant" the subjects, most of whom are women, are of a higher social class, saleswomen, governesses, etc., and the elevating agency among them is the West London Mission. But there is as much moral and spiritual tragedy in the second book as in the first, and the evidence of the present-day power of the gospel of Christ in transforming character and inspiring the most despairing with a new hope is hardly less convincing in the later book than in the earlier. Mr. Begbie studies these phenomena of religious experience with genuine sympathy and from first-hand information. The stories of the conquest of dipsomania through religious faith are especially noteworthy. Such narratives as "The Vision of a Lost Soul," "Betrayed," "Out of the Depths" and "A Girl and Her Lover,"—simply and directly told as they are,—are extremely touching, and the "Tale of a

Treaty Port," although different, is hardly less moving. Altogether, if one is in quest of present-day "evidences of Christianity" he will find both books full of them. To avoid confusion, it should be stated that the English title of the earlier book is "Broken Earthenware" and that of the later "In the Hands of the Potter."

There is an interval between babyhood and the school age when the small child is often a perplexing problem: how to employ his restless energies, or in the common phrase "how to keep him out of mischief" is a question which has perplexed many a mother. A hopeful solution to the problem is offered in Mr. V. M. Hillyer's "The Kindergarten at Home." The book, which is the work of an experienced teacher, is precisely what it purports to be, a guide to simple kindergarten instruction which any mother, who is unable to send her child to a kindergarten, may use herself for the diversion of the small mind and the training of the little hands. Altogether, here are more than a hundred lessons so arranged that each leads naturally to the next, in which a multitude of "gifts" and "occupations" are taught, all with the simplest material and at a minimum of trouble and expense. Most of the lessons are illustrated with simple drawings which make the use of the materials clear; and in addition to the regular daily lessons there are special lessons and designs suited to special days,—Christmas, Thanksgiving day, St. Valentine's day, Washington's birthday, etc. In homes where there are children between the ages of three and six, this book will be a boon alike to the children and those who have the care of them. The Baker & Taylor Company.